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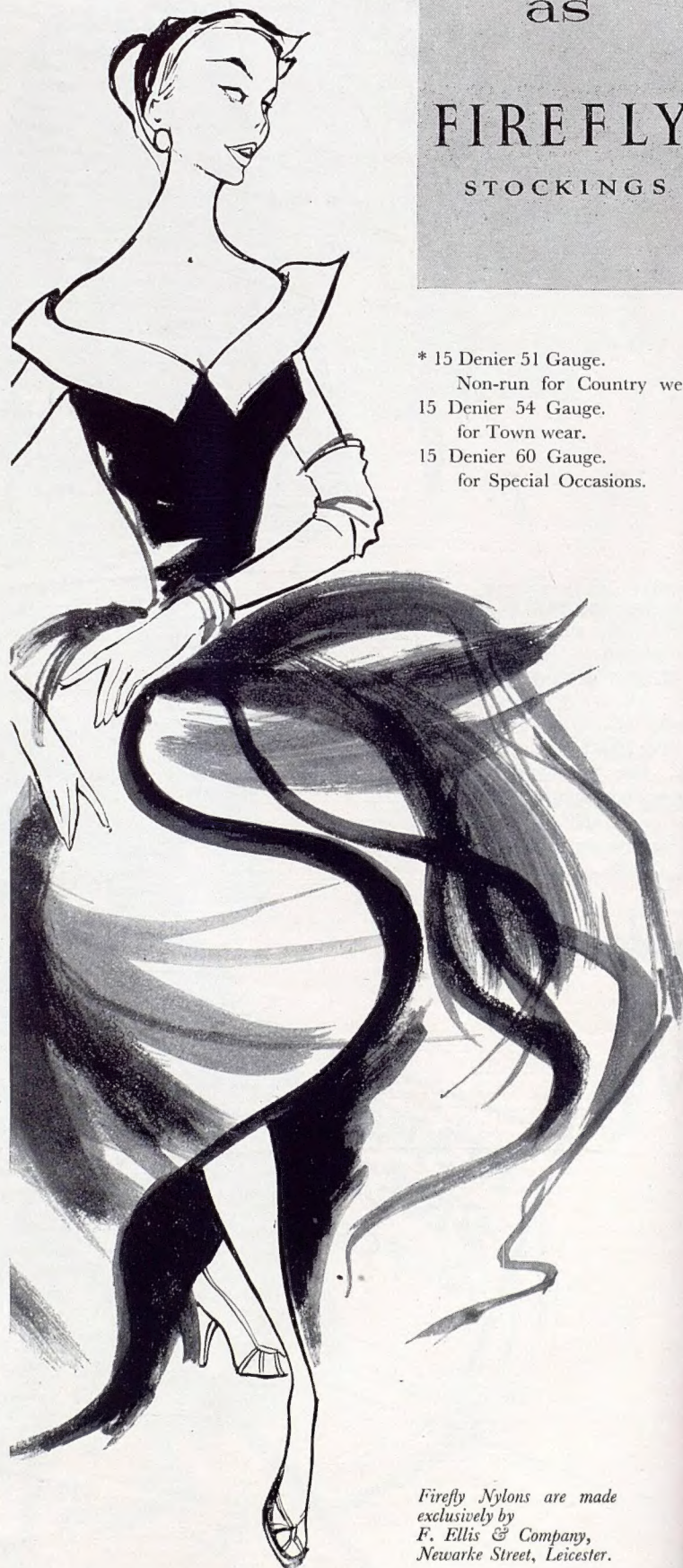
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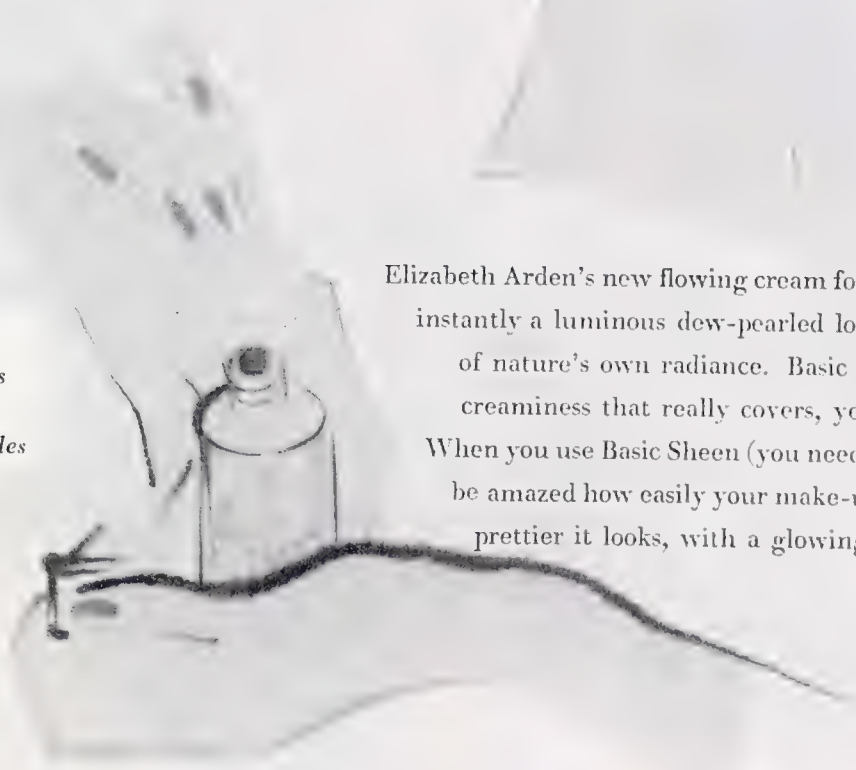


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Left: the tapered look, with soft width at the shoulders.

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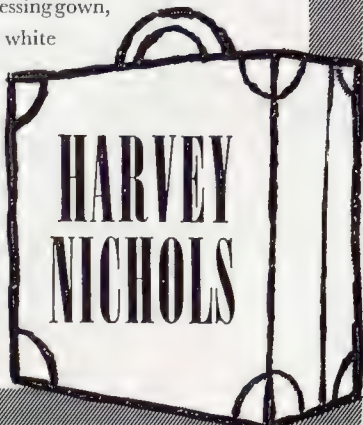


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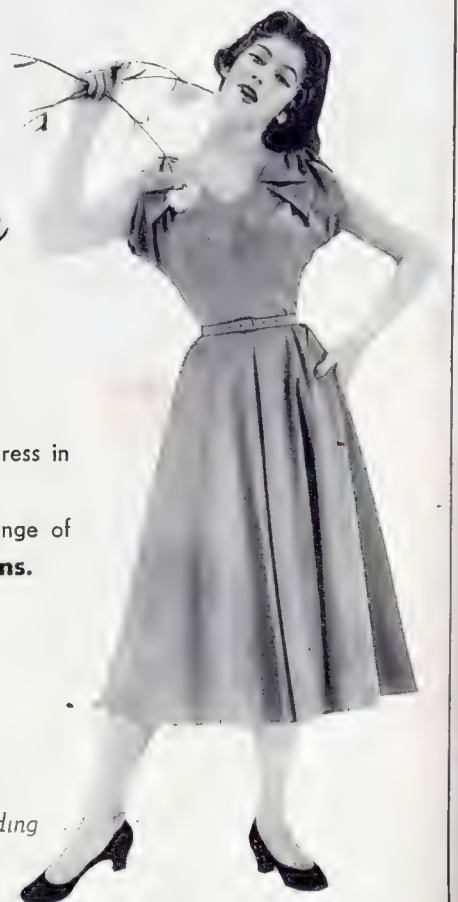
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## Today's most fashionable wedding present

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APRIL 7  
1954

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James H. Smith

## FRIENDLY ENCOUNTER IN THE NEW FOREST

WHEN the Chilmark Beagles joined up with the New Forest pack for their end-of-the-season meet at Bickton Farm, near Fordingbridge, two of the most interested spectators were Viscount Somerton, aged nine, and the Hon. Mark Agar, aged five and a half, sons of the Earl and Countess of Normanton, of Somerley Park, Ringwood. They are here being introduced to two of the beagles by Mr. Charles Hardwick, Master of the Chilmark



## BRYAN MARSHALL MAKES HISTORY

THE 1954 Grand National at Aintree will surely go down as one of the most exciting races of the century, as Mr. J. H. Griffin's Royal Tan, ridden by Bryan Marshall and trained in Ireland by Mr. V. O'Brien, just held on to beat Mrs. E. Truelove's Tudor Line by a neck at the post. It is the first time in the history of the race that a professional jockey has ridden to victory two years in succession.



A view of the paddock, with a bed of tulips in the centre, before the second race, the Hylton Plate, won by Mr. I. Guise's Libator, ridden by T. Devlin



The Duke of Devonshire, Lady Dorothea Head and the Earl of Antrim on their way to the paddock



Capt. and Mrs. R. C. Bucknell, who made the long journey to Liverpool from Wiltshire



Mr. A. E. Paton, Mrs. A. S. Straker and Mrs. R. S. Boswell seen together before the first race



Miss P. Hirst and Mrs. P. M. Hirst, from Yorkshire, chatting to Col. R. L. Thompson, from Ollerton





was the usual scramble for a good position at the first fence where Mr. H. H. M. Stanley's Alberoni (No. 5) is seen coming to grief. Swinton Hero, Whispering Steel and Gentle Moya also fell here



the Hon. Mrs. C. Monckton, Viscountess Galway and Mrs. Peter Laycock checking on form



Mrs. Henry Stockley went to the meeting with Mr. and Mrs. David Rutland



Miss D. Metcalfe, daughter of Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, with Lord Rocksavage and Mrs. A. Graham



Scrutinizing the runners were those well-known racing enthusiasts, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby

## AT THE RACES

# Australia's "Aintree"

• Sabretache •

FLEMINGTON (Australia being so much in the news), where the Victoria Racing Club's Grand National is run, is just outside Melbourne, and is generally conceded to be one of the stiffest steeplechase courses in the world, our own great course at Aintree hardly excepted. It is quite true that there is no fence at Flemington which is five feet high and three feet wide, but, as against this, every one of these Australian fences is absolutely solid. It is either jump them clean and clear, or fall; whereas at Aintree a horse may take a chance with the top six inches and, with great luck, survive! He needs all the good fortune in the world to do this.

At Flemington there is, or was, only one fence over four feet, and that is, or again was, the second stone wall on the far side near the abattoirs—four feet one inch. All the other fences on this course, bar one, The Logs (tree trunks), are quite unbreakable posts and rails. The distance of the V.R.C. Grand National is four miles.

No fence at Flemington is garnished by a ditch, and there is no water jump; whereas at Aintree there are, besides the water, many open ditches (for the benefit of Australia, fences with six foot ditches on the take-off side) and many other fences with ditches on the landing side—Becher's, Valentine's, and that snorter near the Melling Road, which has a slightly deeper drop than Becher's, and is quite as formidable in other respects—height, thickness, etc.—as its more publicised opposite number. There is also that outsize in open ditches called "The Chair," because it is opposite the old iron chair used by the distance judge in the days of the four mile heats. It is 240 yards from the winning post, and any horse that had not reached that point by the time that the winner was home, was said to have been "distanced." The term still survives in race reports of today.

THESE walls at Flemington are masonry, with a "log" bolted along their tops, with a view, presumably, to softening them up a bit, but, of course, like all the other obstacles on this course, they are unbreakable. I doubt whether even a tank would have any chance with them! So which would you rather have at top speed, Aintree or Flemington?

Very few steeplechase horses in Australia, so far as I have seen, are without callouses on their hind canon bones, collected from giving the rails the "go by." Hence Lindsay Gordon's remark: "In the van of the battle I heard the rails rattle." They may "rattle," but they will not, as some of ours will, break (if you are lucky!).

I have never seen Randwick, which is on the Sydney side, but I am told that it is very much the same. Flemington, so I understand, is from now onwards to be called "Royal Flemington."

Congratulations to Bryan Marshall! A grand performance on Royal Tan in the National!







*The Duchess of Beaufort set, as always, a very high standard of both riding and dress*

Morris

*"Master"—the Duke of Beaufort—calls across to the joint-M.F.H., Major G. A. Gundry, D.S.O., as they wait for the field to assemble*

## NOBLE BACKGROUND FOR BEAUFORT MEET

THE grounds of stately Worcester Lodge, on the northern boundary of the Beaufort estate in Gloucestershire, made an impressive setting for a recent meet of the Hunt on a sunlit morning. This very fine pack has a much longer season than most, extending, with cubbing, from August to mid-May





LORD REAY, CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACKAY, at the party which he gave at the home of Col. and Mrs. Archie Campbell in Chester Street, S.W.1, for his friends to see a portrait of himself in Coronation robes. The artist was Mr. Craig-Hanish and the picture received much admiring attention during the evening

Social Journal

Jennifer

## A Concerto For The Duchess

**H**.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, wearing a white ermine jacket over her black evening dress, attended the concert given at the Festival Hall in aid of the Y.W.C.A. In her party in the Royal box were Lady Bird, Chairman of the Concert Committee, in blue georgette, the Duchess of Marlborough, President of the committee, in dark blue taffeta, and Countess Fortescue, National President of the Y.W.C.A., who wore a dress in a perfect shade of hyacinth pink satin with a blue satin stole.

Also in the box were Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell, who was for many years lady-in-waiting to the late Queen Mary, and Major Philip Hay, who were both in attendance on the Duchess.

Thanks to the generosity of Sir Adrian Boult, who conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and the two soloists, Miss Isobel Baillie and

Madame Monique Haas, who all three gave their services, a good sum was raised for the Association. The programme began with Berlioz's Overture, "Roman Carnival" and included Mozart's Concerto in A Major, Dyson's "The Wife Of Bath" and finally Beethoven's Eighth Symphony.

**A**MONG those who came to support this good cause were the Duke of Marlborough, sharing a box with Viscount Bracken, and Sir Stuart and Lady Wilson, who were also in a box, with the Hon. Isabel Catto, London Divisional President of the Y.W.C.A. Many of Miss Catto's family had also come to the concert to help swell the funds. Mr. Harold Judd, the Appeals Chairman, and Mrs. Judd were there, and Mrs. Michael Woods brought a big party.

In the stalls I saw the Countess of Gowrie, accompanied by Mrs. Derek Cooper, who was formerly married to her son, Major the Hon. Patrick Hore-Ruthven, who was killed in the war.

Mrs. Cooper now lives most of the year with her husband in Ireland, where her two sons, Viscount Ruthven and the Hon. Malise Hore-Ruthven, join her in the school holidays when they are not visiting their grandparents. Sitting just behind them was the Dowager Viscountess Ebbisham, accompanied by Mrs. Hall, wife of the Vicar of St. Philip's, Earls Court Road. In the interval, Lord Freyberg, V.C. and Lady Freyberg came and talked to Lady Gowrie, Mrs. Cooper and Lady Ebbisham.

Lord Savile, who has now sailed for America to stay with his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Kent Parrot, in Washington, escorted Miss Anne Barber to the concert. I also saw Lord Teynham, Col. and Mrs. Charles Norton, and Miss Bridget Heaton Armstrong, who organized the bevy of pretty young girls selling programmes.

★ ★ ★

**N**EVER shall we see a more exciting Grand National than this year's. Royal Tan was a grand and gallant winner, but foremost in one's mind is the brilliant horsemanship of the winning jockey, Bryan Marshall. It was undoubtedly due to his riding that Royal Tan managed to hold off the strong challenge of Tudor Line and pass the winning post that vital neck ahead at the end of a gruelling four miles.

Bryan Marshall thus won his second Grand National in two consecutive years, and now everyone will wish this great steeplechase jockey the best of good luck for the next twelve months, when he may be able to turn his double into a hat trick. Incidentally, this was his second success that afternoon as he had earlier won the two-mile Liverpool Hurdle race for the same owner and trainer on Galatian.

Great credit is also due to the Irish trainer of Royal Tan and Galatian, Mr. Vincent O'Brien, who also trained last year's Grand National winner Early Mist for the same owner, Mr. J. H. Griffin.

Mrs. Truelove's Tudor Line, the second, ran a great race, too. He is at the Yorkshire stables of Mr. Bobby Renton, who trained Freebooter to win the National in 1950 and has a splendid record of winners at Aintree. The Earl of Sefton's Irish Lizard, who started favourite, also ran a good race and finished third.

**T**HOUGH the afternoon was at times overcast, visibility was clear enough to see every jump of this great race. The going was good and the course in perfect condition, but while the stands were comfortably full, there did not appear to be as large a crowd as in other years. It was interesting to see the progress being made on the new motor racecourse, which is due to open this summer, being built around and inside the present racecourse. I was told by a motor sport enthusiast that it will be one of the finest tracks in Great Britain, and will no doubt be run as efficiently by Mrs. Topham and her staff as are all the other activities here. It will open with an international car race meeting on May 29.

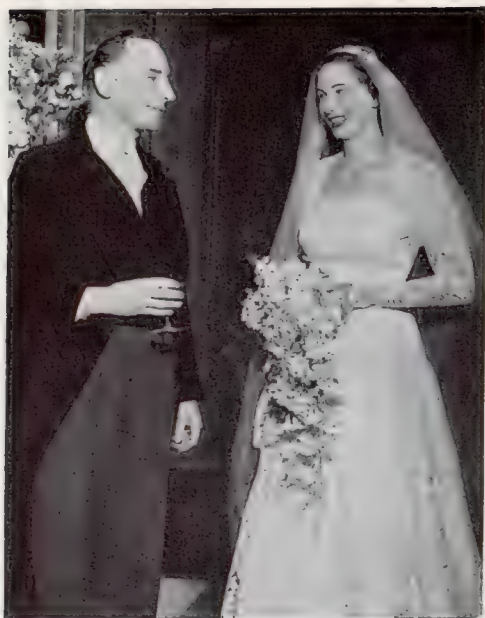
As in other years the Earl and Countess of Derby and the Earl and Countess of Sefton entertained big

(Continued overleaf)



Miss Antonia Herbert and Mr. Tim Horn talking to their hostess, Lady Reay, during the party given by Lord Reay in Belgravia





*Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Monsell Christian ready to receive their guests at the reception*



*Helping to receive the many guests were Major Derek Wigan, Mrs. Geoffrey Barford, Mrs. Wigan, the bridegroom's sister, and Mr. Geoffrey Barford*



*Major and Mrs. Peter Longmore were among the bride's friends who drank the couple's health*

IN THE CROWN COURT CHURCH, Covent Garden, Miss Catherine Barford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Barford, of Caythorpe, Grantham, married Lt.-Col. John Monsell Christian, son of the late Admiral and Mrs. A. H. Christian. The reception was at 45 Park Lane



*Mrs. Edward Spooner was chatting to Mrs. Evelyn Joll. Mr. Stephen Player was best man*

### Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

## Luncheon Parties At Grand National

house parties, which lunched each day with their host and hostess in their private luncheon rooms and watched the racing from their box. With the Knowsley party on National day I saw Mrs. Rose Clyde, Lady Irwin, the Countess of Feversham, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laycock, the latter in a striking pink coat, and the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe.

In the box with the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the latter looking very neat in navy blue, were Mrs. Aldrich, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, who had come up from London by train the previous day, the Duke of Devonshire, Brig. Antony Head, Secretary of State for War, and Lady Dorothea Head, the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby, Countess Beatty, who, like her hostess and Lady Dunraven is an American by birth, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, who were all staying with their host and hostess at Croxteth. Also in the box were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool and Sir Malcolm Sargent.

LUNCHING in the Palatine Club overlooking the paddock before racing, I met Lord Graves in a big party, with the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott very good-looking in a red tweed suit, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord, Mr. Nicholas Eden and his mother, Mrs. Beatrice Eden, who recently arrived over from America for a few months, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paget and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shepherd-Cross, who had just returned from a holiday at Formentor in Majorca.

Others having an apéritif before lunch were Mr. John Pares-Wilson, and Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hotchkin, who were with Sir John and Lady Brocklebank. In the centre of the paddock watching the horses was the Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the Stewards at the meeting with the Duke of Roxburghe, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Sefton, who was looking at Irish Lizard with Mr. Harry Brown. Around the paddock were Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Capt. Charles Radclyffe and his pretty wife who were staying with her family—they were talking to Lady Goulding who was one of the big contingent of visitors over from Ireland to see the race—and the Earl and Countess of Lewes, who were staying with Lt.-Col. Ririd Myddelton at Chirk Castle for the meeting. Also in the paddock were the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Hotham, the Hon. Hugh Stanley, who had won the Mildmay Chase

with his Irish trained Evian the previous day, Col. and Mrs. Percy Legard, just back from Switzerland, Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson and Miss Jane Clayton, talking to Mrs. Beckwith-Smith.

MRS. BROTHERTON, whose many good chasers include Freebooter, was talking to Col. Dan Corry and Mr. Vickerman, who won the Grand National in 1939 with Workman. They were both over from Ireland for the meeting. I also saw Mrs. Bryan Marshall, who was later to be so proud of her husband's riding, and Sir Peter and Lady Grant-Lawson, who were talking to Major Philip Profumo, another who flew over from Ireland. The Grant-Lawsons have taken a house near Midhurst for the summer, and it is hoped we shall see them both playing polo at Cowdray this summer. Lady Grant-Lawson is among the small number of women who play polo, and has had plenty of practice during the past three years in Malta, where she has often played in Earl Mountbatten's team.

Up in the boxes watching the big race, I observed the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough, Lord and Lady Kenyon, the latter in a deep red coat, Brig. Jack Speed, Lady Mostyn, Lord Plunket with the Hon. Michael Cayzer and the Hon. Mrs. Cayzer, and the Hon. Mrs. Tony Samuel, just returned from a trip to South Africa, where she went with her husband. She was wearing a lovely mink coat with her light green dress and hat to match.

After the race there was a rush to the unsaddling enclosure, where everyone cheered a great jockey and a gallant horse after their splendid victory.

★ ★ ★

THE little Crown Court Church in Covent Garden was packed with friends and relations for the marriage of Lt.-Col. John Christian, son of the late Admiral and Mrs. A. H. Christian, to Miss Catherine Barford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Barford. The bride, who was escorted up the aisle by her father, had no page or bridesmaids. She wore a dress of cream lace, and a long tulle veil which was held in place by a wreath of orange blossom, while her bouquet was of stephanotis and other cream flowers. Mr. Stephen Player was the best man. Ushers at the ceremony





### Committee Met To Lay Down Lines On Which Red Hat Ball Will Be Run

*Mr. and Mrs. William Birch-Reynardson, both members of the Executive Committee, were discussing the agenda*



*Capt. and Mrs. R. Birch-Reynardson chatting to Mr. Antony Birley, the Hon. Treasurer. The ball will be held on May 6*



*Two others at Cadogan Square were the Hon. Mrs. Hugo Money-Coutts (Committee) and Miss Elizabeth Stewart-Roberts*

included Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Mr. James Hanbury, Mr. Derek Wigan and Mr. Derek Parker Bowles.

Afterwards the bride's parents held a reception at 45 Park Lane. Mrs. Barford, who wore a cornflower blue printed dress and a hat to match, stood with her husband, and the bridegroom's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Wigan, to receive the guests. Mrs. Wigan wore a navy blue suit with a velvet collar and navy blue straw cap trimmed with white flowers. When the bride and bridegroom had cut the wedding cake, their health was proposed by Sir Arthur Curtis, a close friend of the bride's family, who had already performed the same duty at the weddings of her two sisters.

Her elder sister, Mrs. Mason, was at the wedding with her husband, Lt.-Cdr. Richard Mason, R.N., and their two children, but her younger sister is now living in Canada and could not get back for the wedding. She married Mr. Jolyon Briggs, son of Sir George and Lady Briggs, last May. He is an architect and is associated in the design of new buildings needed for the rapid industrial development in Prince George, B.C.

MANY friends from the polo and racing world were at the wedding, including Viscount Cowdray and his wife, who wore an emerald green velvet hat with a short mink coat. They were married in the same church just over a year ago. Also present were Major "Fluffy" Board, who often umpires the polo at Cowdray, and Mrs. Board, Mrs. Parker Bowles and her sister Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochford, very fit and well after her recent visit with her husband to Florida and New York to stay with friends. She was queueing up the wide staircase to the reception, and

nearby her were Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, the latter in a brilliant light jade green coat and "shocking pink" hat, Mrs. Stephen Player and her brother Mr. Loder, Mrs. James Hanbury and the Hon. Caroline Cust, who was talking to Mrs. de la Motte. Lady Jaffray came with Lord Chesham and Lady Chesham, who looked charming in a black silk suit and little white cap. The Hon. Mrs. Sonia Cubitt, who had come on from the church, had to rush away from the reception for another appointment.

Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Jimmy Innes were others I saw there, also Major and Mrs. Christopher Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel-Smith, Miss Clare Baring (who is making her debut this year), in a pale green silk coat and red petal cap, Major Stirling-Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Claud Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine talking to the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Montague, and the Hon. Mrs. George Spencer with her daughter Catherine. Mrs. Spencer told me she is now working hard again at her sculpture, an art at which she is very successful. She has done some very good heads and other work in the studio at her lovely Leicestershire home, Langton Hall, Market Harborough.

★ ★ ★

DR. LEONARD SIMPSON made an excellent speech when welcoming members of the American Jesters squash rackets team at a cocktail party given in their honour at the Simpson Services Club. He was followed by Mr. John Ames of the U.S. Embassy who deputized for H.E. Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, who had a previous engagement. Mr. Edwin H. Bigelow, who has brought this team across, then made a very witty speech and had everyone in the room

laughing. He is a great personality and has many friends in this country.

In the Jesters team, which ranges from players in their early twenties to those in their fifties, were Mr. Charles Brinton, four times U.S. national champion, Mr. Roy Coffin, a prewar doubles champion of the U.S., Mr. Charles Ufford, one of the younger members, who is inter-collegiate champion at home, Mr. Bud Baird, Mr. John Bibby and Mr. Harold d'O Baker, the tallest member of the team, who is over six feet seven inches. Mr. Gus Schwab and Mr. Seymour Knox, Jr., whose father, a first-class squash player, came over with the first U.S. Jesters team to visit this country, were also in the team.

MANY members of the British Jesters Club, who have been organizing hospitality for their friends from across the Atlantic, were there. These included Mr. Brian Philips, Mr. Bob Drayson, Mr. Harold Radford, Dr. John F. Stokes, who made a brief speech thanking Dr. Simpson for the party, and Dr. Bob Aitchison, looking tanned after a visit to the Bahamas. Others I saw included Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham, Sir Harry Brittain, who has just returned from a lecture tour in America, Mrs. Frank Strawson and Sir Neville Pearson. Photographs of the party are on page 37.

The programme for the team included matches each day against our leading squash rackets clubs, while several luncheons and private parties were given in their honour.

(Continued overleaf)



### At The Fifth "300 Party" Which Raised Welfare Funds For Far East Servicemen

*Lord and Lady Ellenborough dancing together at this very good party, which was given at the May Fair Hotel*



*Mr. Bruce Seton, his sister, Lady Tedder, who is Chairman of the 300 Party, and Col. J. B. Cossens*



*Miss Elizabeth Oxley was partnered by Mr. Robert Craigie in a slow foxtrot during the course of the evening*





*H.E. Mme. Mostras, wife of the Greek Ambassador, at Claridge's, with Mr. P. Calvo-coressi, vice-chairman of the League*



*Sir Charles and Lady Petrie, two firm friends of Greece, were joking with H.E. the Greek Ambassador, M. Mostras*



*Desmond O'Neill*

### The Anglo-Hellenic League's Reception To Celebrate Greek Independence Day

### Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

## U.S. Squash Players Were Feasted

Air/Cdre. Lionel Stubbs entertained them to dinner at the R.A.F. Club, and was a joint host with Mr. George Oddy, Sir Alfred Bosson, and Mr. C. F. H. Gough when they lunched the following day at the House of Commons.

Lt.-Col. P. W. le Gros presided at a luncheon given by the Squash Rackets Association, and Cdr. A. P. Pellew, R.N., was host at a dinner given for them at the R.N. College, Greenwich, after a match.

NEXT day the Women's Squash Rackets Association gave a luncheon for them at the International Sportsman's Club, and in the evening they attended the Squash Rackets Association ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. On the last evening they were taken down to Col. and Mrs. Arthur Lucas's home, Woolmers Park, near Hatfield, for a very original "Raggle Taggle Gipsies Party," and their trip ended with Sunday luncheon with Dr. and Mrs. Stokes at their Hampstead home before they boarded their plane for the U.S. that night.

Another, more serious, engagement during these ten days was when Mr. Bigelow and the team paid tribute to a great man and fine games player—

the late Lord Lyle, who was president of the Jesters Club up to the time of his death.

At the memorial service were members of both Houses of Parliament (the late Lord Lyle was an M.P. from 1918-24 and again from 1940-45), and representatives of the industrial world in which he was for years a leading figure. There were also many men and women at the service from the sphere of sport who had come like the others to pay their respects to a great and generous sportsman.

CAPT. AND MRS. ANTHONY KIMMINS gave a very cheerful cocktail party to celebrate the twenty-first birthdays of their daughter, Verena Kimmings, and their niece, Bridget Kimmings, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Brian Kimmings, who was also at the party. The majority of the guests were young contemporaries of the two girls; but there were also a few older ones, mostly stage personalities, friends of Capt. Kimmings, who has been producing films for some years.

Others there included Verena's grandmother,

Lady Hodges, and her uncles, Capt. Michael Hodges, Mr. David Hodges, Mr. Dick Hodges and their wives. Sir John and Lady Nott-Bower brought their son Tim, and I also saw Miss Barbara Finn and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Lesslie—he had been busy working on the script for a film.

The younger guests included Lord Brecknock, who had recently been out skiing at Zermatt in a party with Verena Kimmings and her brother Simon, who was very busy looking after friends at the party, and Miss Fleur Mountain who was also there. Miss Polly Vian, daughter of Admiral Vian, came along with birthday greetings as did Mr. Tom Barnard, Mr. Nigel Leigh Pemberton, Arthur Askey's daughter, Miss Anthea Askey, who had her own twenty-first birthday party a couple of weeks ago, and the twin brothers Mr. Brian and Mr. Patrick Mayhew.

This amusing party is pictured on pages 42-3.

★ ★ ★

MRS. R. D. GILLESPIE, widow of the late Air/Cdre. R. D. Gillespie, has come back from the United States, where she is now living, to give her attractive débutante daughter, Miss Christine Gillespie a London season.

Recently, Mrs. Gillespie gave a cocktail party for her at the Lansdowne Club, when Christine wore a very gay cherry red ballet-length dress with a stole to match. Among her young friends present were Miss Susannah Fellowes, niece of Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor, and Miss Belinda Maclean, who is studying languages, and is sharing a coming-out dance with Miss Gillian Buckley. The young men at the party included Lord Gray and his brother, the Master of Gray, Mr. Anthony Pilcher, Mr. John Hughes-Hallett, the Hon. Hugh Cholmondeley, Mr. Brinsley Black and the Hon. Richard Long.

Photographs of the party are on page 33.

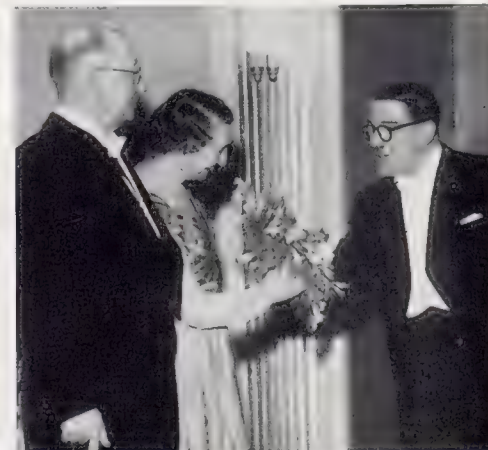
★ ★ ★



*Here, Past President, Lt.-Col. C. G. Surtees Shill was speaking. Left, Sir Harold Webbe, M.P. and Lady Webbe*



*Sir Howard Roberts, C.B.E., and Lady Roberts were taking an apéritif. The function was given at the Park Lane Hotel*



*Mr. Leonard S. Erridge (right) presents a bouquet to Mrs. Loweth, wife of the President Col. W. E. Loweth, C.B.E. (left)*

*Tasler*

### Spring Dinner-Dance Given By The United Wards Of The City Of London





Eric Coop

THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD is here with her fifteen-month-old son John, Earl of Sunderland, with Katie, the family dachshund, adding a note of her own to the foreground. The photograph was taken at the Marchioness's new home, Lee Place, Charlbury, Oxon, into which she moved early this year, and which she has decorated according to her own colour schemes and designs. The Marchioness was formerly Miss Susan Hornby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael St. John Hornby, and her wedding to the Duke of Marlborough's son and heir was an outstanding social event of 1951





Barry Swatbe

MRS. JOHN WARD, one of London's leading hostesses, is the wife of Col. E. J. S. Ward, M.V.O., M.C., the Life Guards, Commanding Officer of the Household Cavalry, and was formerly Miss Susan Corbett, of Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh. Her daughter Elizabeth was a Coronation Year débutante, and she has a son, Gerald, at Eton. Mrs. Ward, who has a house in Chester Street, S.W.1, which was formerly Earl and Countess Mountbatten's, is an excellent organizer. The coming-out dance she gave for her daughter was one of the highlights of the Coronation season, and this year she is chairman of the Pied Pipers Ball which takes place on May 13



# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

**I**f there is one thing I object to more than another it is thinking ahead.

But the hysteria of holiday-planning is so ecstatically plugged by all within sight and sound that only burying my head in sand could really disperse it. On all sides friends and acquaintances bombard me with questions as to our plans for the summer—east and west and north and south over the garden fences they mutter about Dubrovnik, as fascinating this year, apparently, as Spain was last year and Italy the year before, and about all the joys of a different diet. All I can do is decide, negatively, that we will not, repeat NOT, go roughing it the way we did last summer.

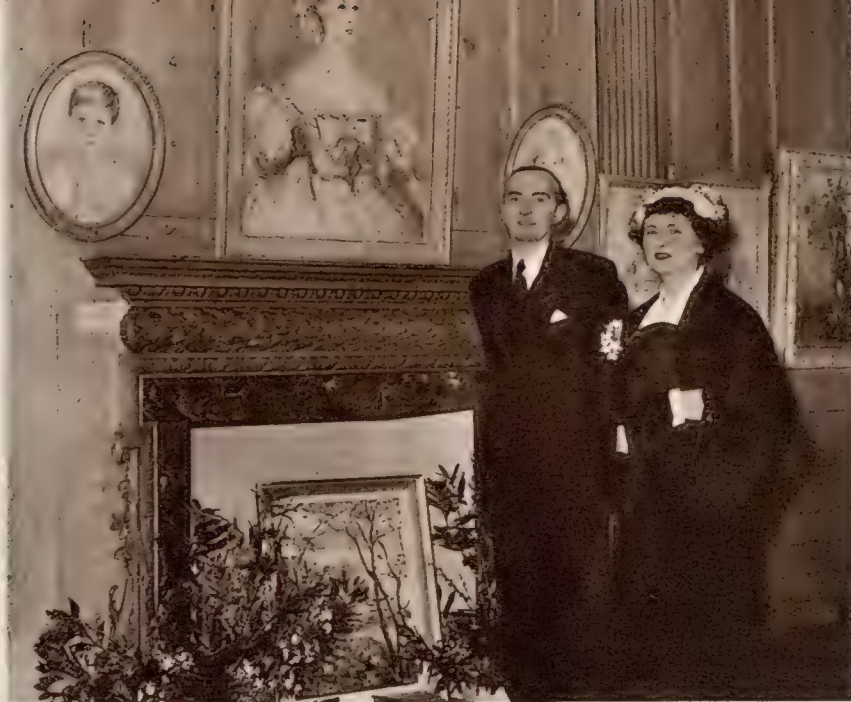
**L**AST summer we planned an economical holiday in the South of France. It was economical because a kind friend had let us, cheap, a small cottage in a minute Mediterranean village—sleep five, oil lamps, two paraffin stoves, water from the village fountain, no indoor sanitation, and what she ominously described as a Receptacle in a Cave. Adventure, we thought—experience—atmosphere—the lure of the simple life—what a lot of French the children would pick up! Besides, with the car we could always get away if disappointed. . . .

**S**o off we went hopefully, driving down the middle of France and trying not to tell one another that we'd have done better to have come by train.



It was only the day after our arrival that we found out how far the Fountain was from the cottage, and what our friend meant when she said "sleep." And the car refused to go. It has done this before and since—but normally we simply rest it for a week and, at the end of that, like a T.V. set, it has thought things over and decided to try again. But in this case the local garage would promise no more than that if they got the spare parts in time it might be all right to get us back to London at the end of the fortnight.

(Continued on page 34)



*The artist and her husband, Mr. Rodney Forestier-Walker, stand beneath a full-size portrait of Valerie Hobson, the actress, which was one of the dominating features of the exhibition*

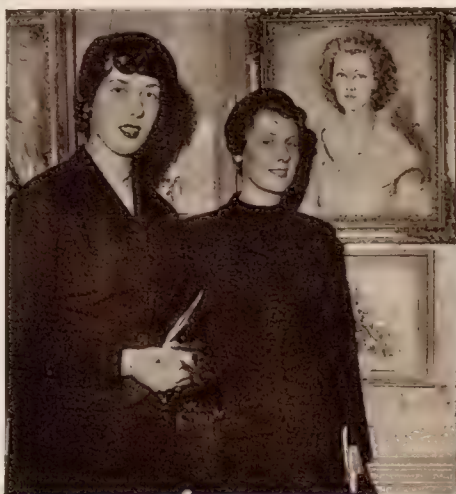
**"PEOPLE AND FLOWERS"** is the title of an exhibition of her work being given by Mrs. Mollie Forestier-Walker at Parsons Gallery, Grosvenor Street. Many of the paintings are of young people, and the artist is devoting a share of the proceeds of sales to a child welfare fund



*Lady Russell, wife of Sir Charles Russell, Bt., and Lady Head, wife of Sir Francis Head, Bt., look at a picture together*



*Three-year-old Caroline Davson gazes at a painting of herself. She is the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Davson, Bt., and Lady Davson*



*Miss Claire Atkins and Miss Elaina Atkins were other visitors to this excellent exhibition, which continues until Friday*



*Mr. and Mrs. Kempster-Butler saw a painting of their daughter Tina. Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, C.B.E., opened the show*



# CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

Thrown entirely on the resources of the village and the local *autobus*, we had to re-orientate. Determined to live the simple life as tonic for the rigours of the coming winter, we trudged twice a day to a farm, a couple of kilometres each way, through greyish sand which felt like snow in the early morning and red-hot ashes in the afternoon, with a covered milk-can banging at our calves. We seldom woke to the clash of the village at dawn because the ancient flock mattresses were so uncomfortable that once sheer exhaustion was coped with, we simply woke and tossed.

WHEN we weren't fetching milk we were fetching water, or meat, or fish, or vegetables, or paraffin. And when we weren't fetching anything we were sweeping sand out of the coconut mats on the tiled floor. The sea was thick with jellyfish, and E., the eldest, had most of his skin peeled off his back by the sun the first day, and though he was careful not to moan too much—having been warned what would happen—we lost his fetching-power for a few days.

THERE was also a food problem. Everyone had warned us that it was no good taking children abroad because they pined for school lunches of brussels sprouts in water and thin custard. We had retorted



that our children were different—how different we hadn't appreciated. They took to Mediterranean food like ducks to water.

All children are always thirsty, but never have ours been so thirsty as on this holiday. We suspected it was because of our assumption that it would be all right for them to drink wine and water because French children do.

RACED, sunburned, overweight, and only a trifle exhausted, we returned to face the post-holiday bouts of flu. But the holiday has had its frightful aftermath. The children keep on going out—at appropriate seasons—and spending their hard-earned pocket-money on wrinkled, flabby little aubergines at inflated, imported prices. And when we regale our guests with alcohol, the children cluster round with hang-dog expressions in their eyes, like starving waifs outside a bakery in an old-fashioned film.

We are not going to risk it again this year. Even if it turns out to be Dubrovnik after all, we shall have to do it in a respectable, brussels-sproutish way so that we are not disgraced, later, by the children begging for Slivovitz with their tea. . . .



*Mr. R. Franklin, and Miss Elsa Villanuwa from the Philippine Embassy, were chatting with Miss Christina Gillespie (centre), for whom the party was given. Jennifer describes this happy social occasion on page 30*

MISS CHRISTINA GILLESPIE, who comes out this season, had a delightful cocktail party given for her by her mother, Mrs. R. D. Gillespie, at the Lansdowne Club. More than thirty young people, including many debutantes, met and discussed their spring and summer plans at this very pleasant gathering



*Signorina Rina Tomatin and Mrs. Stephen Robinson, who presented Miss Gillespie at one of the Royal parties*



*The hostess, Mrs. Gillespie, with Mr. David Farquharson, her daughter's trustee, had just welcomed the last of the guests*



*Miss Elizabeth Coultis-Trotter and Mr. John Ledingham were enjoying a drink together*



*Lord Gray, whose title dates back to the year 1445, was chatting with Miss Venetia Henderson*



## RACING AT CROWELL IN HEAVY GOING

**T**HE Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point steeplechases held at Crowell, near Chinnor, drew a large crowd despite almost torrential rain which persisted throughout the morning. Later the sun shone to brighten up an excellent day's sport



*Miss Lloyd in the lead on Mr. W. W. Hobbs' Flying Finn in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race, closely followed by Mrs. V. Cross riding her own horse, Knight's Artist*



*Mr. A. Clarke, winner of the Lord Bicester Challenge Cup, received the cup from the Hon. Randal Smith*



*Mr. P. Ranson and Miss Bunker watched the horses parading in the saddling enclosure*



*Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Watson checking up on the runners in the paddock at this popular meeting near Chinnor*



*The Hon. W. Holland-Hibbert and Mrs. W. Holland-Hibbert studied the card with their daughter, Mrs. Cunningham*



*Mrs. Wyndham Lewis with Mr. M. Mackaness, who rode at the meeting, and Miss A. Wyndham Lewis*



*Mr. R. A. Budgett and Colonel John Thomson, both stewards, chatting to Capt. N. H. Pattison, Clerk of the Course*





A HORSEBOX SERVED AS SHELTER during a rainstorm for Earl Fitzwilliam, Joint M.F.H. (second from right), and members of his party at the Fitzwilliam Hunt Point-to-Point at Water Newton, near Peterborough. With the Earl are Mrs. A. Hughes, Major Warre and Mrs. J. Magor, while the young enthusiasts in front are Caroline Magor, Dominic Warre and David Hughes

## Talk Around the Town



MISS IDINA PEACOCK talking to Col. the Hon. B. T. Brassey, one of the judges, who is Lord Brassey's son and heir, and Mrs. Caroline Fenwick, at the Fitzwilliam point-to-point at Water Newton

MUCH talk about "overselling Britain to overseas tourist prospects"—such is the way I have seen it phrased in print—so I thought it of value to find just what a visitor can anticipate here in April, beyond Easter, the weather and a few tags from the anthologies of poetry.

On April 19th we offer the "Hallaton Bottle-Kicking" ceremony in Leicestershire to folksy visitors, and "Mayor-Making" at Winchelsea, on the same day, both of which seem to belong to my colleague, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

In London there seems to be little of import in these thirty days of spring.

But I do baulk at references printed in overseas advertisements about "price bargains." A pair of hand-made shoes now costs what one would pay for a suit in Savile Row fifteen years ago—if one broke the rules and paid in cash. This may be a bargain in some foreign currencies, but no fun at all for the native.

Are the pictures of us in overseas advertising really too highly coloured?

Bless their hearts, if there are people who really wish to come and see us, why deny them the pleasure of feasting their eyes on an illusionary Britain during the waiting months?

Most of us just now are thinking of other countries in exactly the same way.

THERE is a place half-way between Lisbon and Oporto called Figueria da Foz, which apparently enjoys a sea-bathing season of some seven months in the year. You can live there for about 30s. a day, if you can elbow aside some of the Americans and South Americans who have also recently "discovered" the place, and must find it amazingly cheap.

A beach alone is not enough for most people. It is in the hinterland that the deciding attraction lies. This is where the Riviera coast of France is one up on that great parched stretch of Ligurian plain on the Italian side of the border.

The background of Figueria da Foz is described to me as pine-forests, with the River Mondego running up to Coimbra, twenty miles away.



I start collecting these sort of places every year about this time, and sometimes even manage to visit one of them ; but not often.

ODD things can happen to our visitors at the ports of entry these days, and although I have had no trouble myself with the French when crossing the Channel, the reverse seems to be constantly experienced by Britain-bound strangers.

One visitor from France recently had a peculiar experience, from which he emerged feeling like a criminal. He also missed the airport bus ; and an appointment.

It had happened that last summer he was touring Spain, thought to visit Gibraltar, but had to get a visa from our vice-consul in Malaga. There was an error in the way this was recorded on his passport, and though this did not stop him entering Gib, it all but stopped him entering Britain nine months later.

What was he doing in Gibraltar ? What was he doing in Malaga ? Was he sure he had not been to Tangier ? When was he going back to Gibraltar ?

"If you want to know why I went to Gibraltar," he said, "it was for one day, to get a couple of decent meals. I couldn't stand Spanish cooking any longer."

That sounded highly improbable, although quite true. Finally, after the closest cross-examination, and search, he was admitted to Britain. His purpose was not, however, to get a decent meal here.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the flatteries which Printing House Square offers its readers is the assumption that they possess encyclopaedic knowledge. Some unknown M.P. will write a letter to the Editor. From which side of the House is he writing ? *The Times* will not be so impolite as to inform its patrons.

Or on the back page will be a fine panorama : "Gludgeley Vale, looking towards Hopshot Gap, which has been acquired by the National Trust."

But where is it ? Not even in a gazetteer.

A recent matter agitating readers has been the safety of Lord Nelson's historic dockyard in Antigua. A confession of vagueness as to the whereabouts of this Antigua by an otherwise well-informed man sent me flying to the geographia, for there seem more than one of the same name.

## A SIMPLE CASE OF BREEDING

White wine to Baron Bronx, alas,  
Was poison ; not a single glass  
Could he imbibe ; his wife, though nice,  
Would not touch red at any price,  
And sitting there with rising gorge  
Would watch him quaff a Nuits St. Georges,  
Then, with the fish, he'd look away  
While she drank deep of Montrachet.  
Small wonder that the sons they bred,  
Allergic to both white and red,  
Soon found that they could only drink  
Vin rose, to feel in the pink.

—Donald Gurrey

• • •

The Antigua in question is the second of the Leeward Islands as you move southwards from St. Kitts. Charles II. gave it to Lord Willoughby in 1663, Columbus having claimed to have discovered it. The area is 108 square miles and there is a coastline of 70 miles.

Its products include cotton, molasses, rum, tomatoes and pineapples.

Yes, and pineapples.

ADMIRAL NELSON is pictured as sitting in Admiralty House in the splendid little St. John's Harbour of Antigua, penning letters to Lady Hamilton and reviling life on the island in general.

Was he ever upset by a pineapple ?

A few years ago I was serving in a ship that came alongside after dark at Antigua. It was a hot night, I was tired, I was thirsty ; so I bought a couple of pineapples on the quay. I cut one of them into slices and furtively ate it in the dark.

If a psycho-analyst were to shoot the word "tummyache" at me even to-day, the two reacting words would be : "pineapple" and "Antigua." I had eaten it unripe.

After Nelson left to fix up things finally with the French, nothing much seems to have happened to Antigua (except a book about the Antigua penny stamp by Mr. Robert Graves) until the arrival of Oliver, second Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, as the Governor, in 1948. The full account of his adventures there should make fine reading

in his autobiography when the day comes—if they turn out as well as his occasional verbal references to his tenure of office.

★ ★ ★

DESPITE the mass intemperance which marked so much of London working-class life in the last century, no one can deny that the pubs—and in particular the "gin-palaces"—made a colourful and distinctive contribution to the London architectural scene.

How often the sight of even the tawdriest corner public-house would come as a relief to the eye in the stuccoed wastes of South Kensington and Bayswater.

The tendency now is to refit them with steel chairs, strip lighting and hygienic equipment. And so destroy their character. But here and there are cases of renovation which are logical.

Just before Boat Race day I went down to Putney to see one of the houses which Mr. Lonsdale-Hands is doing for the Whitbread people, The Fox and Hounds, now rechristened The Coach and Eight. Here were assembled a number of tall, bronzed and handsome rowing Blues, one of whom took me aside and made an observation which has never occurred to me : that despite the pleasure and excitement which the big Boat Race gives to hundreds of thousands, no one makes a penny piece out of it.

For the Universities to have an enclosure at Mortlake would require a special Act of Parliament.

One of the exhibits now treasured by this house is the prow of the Cambridge boat of 1877, the year of the only dead-heat.

It was eyed with awe by the company.

★ ★ ★

SOME nostalgic wanderer has written to a paper to ask "where are the beautiful barmaids of London to-day ?"

There is an easy answer to that one.

They have joined the company of debutantes, younger daughters of earls, disappointed starlets, Girton undergraduates, young wives and ex-ballet dancers : they have become model girls.

When the social picture of this past decade comes to be written, the mannequin, or model girl, must occupy a considerable place ; just where, I cannot even guess.

—Gordon Beckles



A Reception Was Given for the U.S. Jesters Squash Team, at the Simpson Services Club, Piccadilly

Mr. H. E. Hayman, secretary of the Squash Rackets Association, Lt.-Col. P. D. Maud (Jesters), Mr. Edwin H. Bigelow (Jesters' manager), Mr. J. H. Horry, Dr. A. G. Aitchison (Jesters' committee) and Major A. Huskisson, O.B.E., M.C. (S.S.C. Vice-President)

With Mr. Bigelow here were Mr. A. J. N. Starle, who plays for Cambridge University, Mr. P. Gautier-Smith, Mr. R. Yglesias (Jesters), Mr. G. Schwab and Mr. Ian Sherborne, other Cambridge player who has "crossed rackets" with the Jesters





*Discussing preliminaries at the Committee table were Mr. Geoffrey Parker, D.S.O., the Marquise de Miramon, and Mme. Bouchend'Homme. There were about 140 guests at this very fruitful meeting*

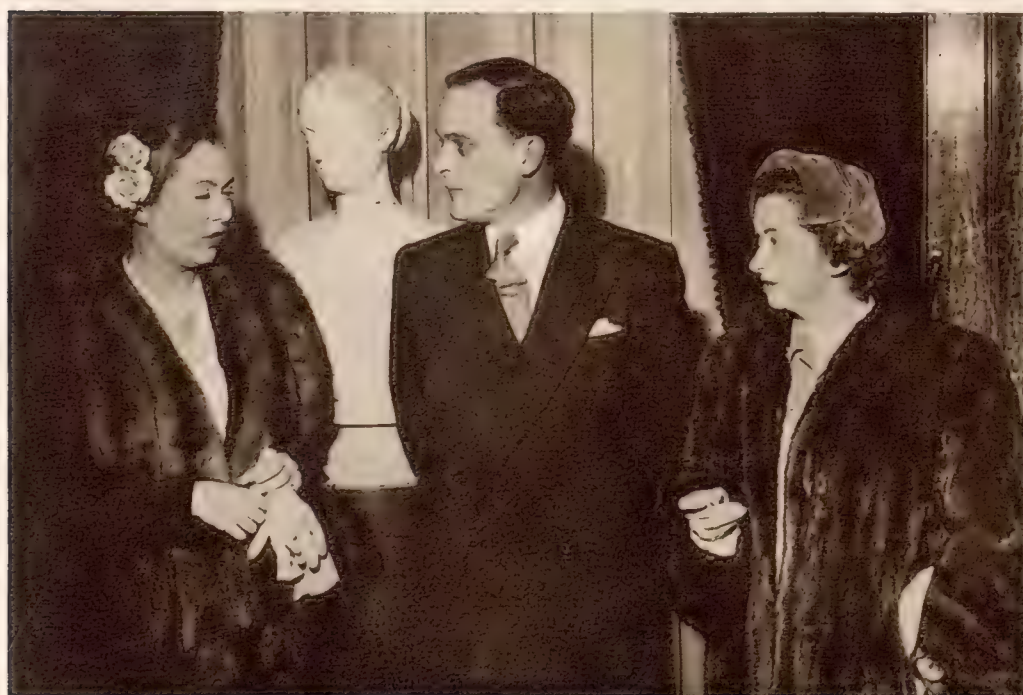
## ANGLO-FRENCH BALL

### STARTED TO ROLL

**A**T the French Embassy in tree-shaded Kensington Palace Gardens, arrangements for the forthcoming Anglo-French Ball were put on a firm footing at a committee meeting. H.E. Mme. Massigli, one of the moving spirits of the event, was unfortunately absent through illness, but proceedings were efficiently conducted by the Countess de Crouy-Chanel. Afterwards the company enjoyed tea in the beautifully decorated Embassy



*Mrs. W. J. Turner was going over some details of the arrangements with Mrs. P. Scott-Callingham*



*Three others interested in the ball were Mrs. J. Mainwaring, Mr. Ivor Elliott and Mrs. Leslie Gardiner, who were here standing by a fine antique bust, typical of the Embassy's rare and beautiful decor*



*Lady Cunningham being greeted by Countess de Crouy-Chanel, whose husband is Minister Counsellor at the Embassy*





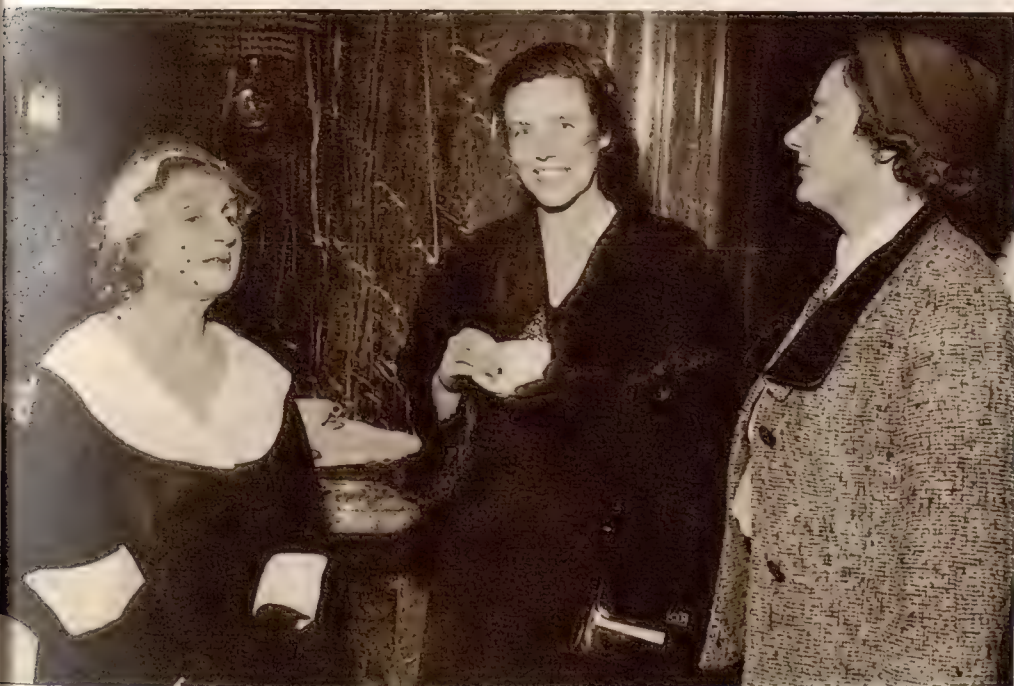
Lord Foley, the eighth baron, who is a talented pianist and song composer, was here asking Mrs. Jack Steinberg and Mrs. Lawrence Neal if they would like a cup of tea



Mrs. Wyndham Found and Mrs. Archibald Freedman were admiring the décor of the small drawing-room

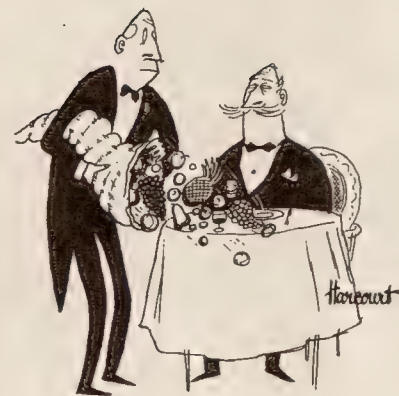


Over from Milan for a short stay in London was Contessa Fabrizi, in company with Mrs. Alan Selborne



Lady Cohen, Mrs. E. Norman-Butler and Mrs. C. A. W. Beaumont were among those who helped to make decisions on the Ball, which is to be given at the Dorchester on June 22nd

Van Hallan



## DINING OUT

### Two Noted Names In Eclipse

ONE might have thought that the end of dining out in the West End had come when Frascati's and Ciro's closed down on the same evening recently, amid fulsome obituaries written by people who apparently had been to neither.

The two resorts suspended operations for quite different reasons.

Frascati's was a popular, slightly off-the-map Edwardian restaurant with a nostalgic flavour; but landlords' ambitions rather than gourmets' change of habits put out its lights.

Ciro's has had one of the most chequered of careers in a different milieu. To some who have known it for years, it seems to have been closed more than once before. Not long ago it darkened its upstairs, but kept its basement room open, which proved a popular move for the younger folk.

Yet it is true that there are insufficient dancing places for those who are not too rich, and who like to dance with nice people. It is idle to deny that in this there is an element of—call it the “snobbish” if you like.

**POULET PAQUES** (in the Grill at Grosvenor House).—Although his proper name is M. Piazzoni, his grill room is still referred to as “Mr. John's” by most.

Here is a seasonal way he deals with chicken at the table, which you may like to try if you are handy with the carving knife.

First slice the entire breast of chicken off the bone and divide into two. Coat it with flour, and season it as you think fit. Fry it very slowly in as much butter as you can spare. And then add two dessertspoonfuls of Madeira, a dash of paprika and some thinly-sliced mushrooms. Also some chopped tarragona. Just simmer until you guess that it is cooked. The result should be delicious—if you have the right touch.

A READER sends me the menu of a U.S. Wine and Food Society dinner in Kansas City which displays American taste in food no less than American choice in juicy language:

Spanish melon with prosciutto ham; consommé Cyrano; Hearts of Crisp Celery; Mixed Colossal Olives; Rose radishes; filet of Pompano sauté Amandine; Noisette potatoes; Sour cream cucumbers.

We then pause for breath, before diving into: Roast wild pheasant, wild rice; Bigarade sauce; Giant asparagus, hollandaise; French endive and grapefruit; Baba au rhum, sauce Sabayon; coffee.

That is the kind of dinner which, with little alteration, could be served to devout vegetarians. Or, in basic English, could be listed as: “Soup; roast pheasant; nine veg.; pudding.”

—I. Bickerstaff





SIGNORA BEPPE CROCE in the drawing-room of her Genoa palazzo. Before her marriage she was the Contessa Umberta Raggio, and has many associations with Britain, being a cousin of Mrs. Virginia Courtauld. Her husband, Dr. Croce, is also well known here as Italy's representative on the International Yacht Racing Union.

## Priscilla in Paris

# Curtain Goes Up On Springtime

PARIS in the spring! Now's the time to feel all hey-nony-no-ish and tra-la-la-some. The Eiffel Tower is getting a new coat of paint for Easter visitors. The *sergents-de-ville* have white-washed their batons, the municipal gardeners are planning flamboyant floral layouts for the municipal flower-beds, Josephine is getting a new, but not municipal, hat, and I am going all swoony over the daffy-down-dillies in my window-boxes.

Up along the Champs-Élysées the donkey carts and goat chaises are brilliant with fresh varnish, basket-work and yellow paint, the staid ponies are gay with red pompons, and even if the chestnut tree that *proverbially* blossoms on March 21st is not yet quite "out," it certainly holds fair promise for the morrow. What more can

one want to lighten one's winter-weary heart, since we also have the soft whisper of the breeze in the branches of the trees to lull us to sleep and the golden twitterings of the avifauna to wake us every morn? "What-does-little-birdie-say-in-her-nest-at-break-of-day?" Exquisite, of course, but I often wish the darn thing would go away and say it in the next street when, at dawn, I come home from a party and want to sleep!

THE *bateau-mouche* gondolas are beginning to swim the Seine, and one can lunch, tea or dine thereon while seeing the sights of the river. . . . It is terrible how quickly one's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of food, in Paris, in the spring! Or, to be honest, at any time of the year. In springtime, however, one can combine the joy of eating with the joy of seeing.

Paris is such a green town; its tree-shaded avenues and boulevards, its square-gardens, parks and its Bois de Boulogne. If one likes to eat out of doors it does not seem to matter very much whether one's paper-spread table stands on the side-walk and is screened from the passers-by with laurel shrubs in tubs, or whether one is enjoying the amenities of the garden of the Ritz.

Inspired by springlike optimism, this last remark may be taken with a pinch of salt. Although it has often happened that I have eaten as excellent a goulash at a Latin Quarter wineshop as at various great restaurants of Paris, I admit that I have a penchant for perfect table appointments and service!

CLAUDE TERRAIL, who presides over the renowned Tour d'Argent where one has such a fine view over Notre Dame and the Ile St. Louis, has opened a cocktail bar on the world-famous Place des Vosges, one of the finest architectural landmarks of Paris. It is rumoured—*horresco referens*—that he has implored the Prefect of the Seine to have all the trees therein cut down! However, there is method in his apparent madness. Arguing that, in summer, the spreading branches hide the beauty of the buildings, M. Terrail wishes to replace them with a parterre of clipped box, *à la française*.

The Pavillon Henri IV, at St. Germain-en-Laye, that was badly damaged in 1942 when the bridges were bombarded, is now completely restored, and is one of the favourite, out-of-town, gastronomic *rendez-vous* of Parisians and their foreign guests. The 23 kilometres that separates St. Germain from Paris can be quickly covered by push-bike, motorised baby-buggy, Carlotta carissima, or cinema-star's juggernaut.

ALAS that, as in all the great cities of Europe nowadays, motoring in Paris itself has become a problem.

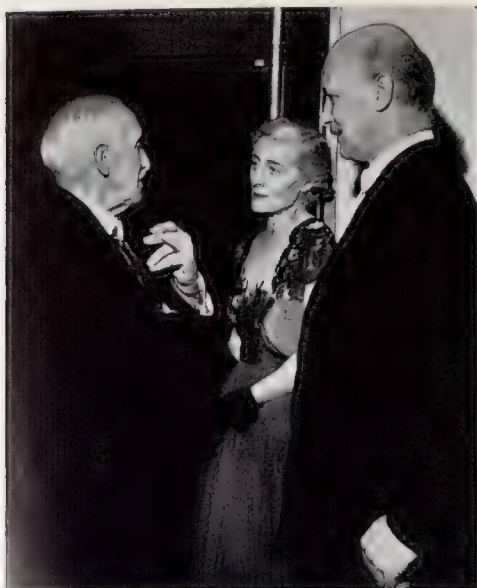
In France the S.N.C.F.—or French Railways—helps to solve the problem with its motor coaches that take one to every lovely or interesting quarter of the city. From the picturesque, open-air restaurants of the Place du Tertre in the shadow of the Sacré Cœur Church on Montmartre, to the glad, mad—but never bad—cellars of St. Germain des Près in the Latin Quarter; from the glories of *la haute mode* in the rue de la Paix, to the entertaining rag-and-bone merchants of the "gingerbread," "old iron" and "flea-market" fairs in more workaday districts.

I have been driving over here for more years than I care to count, and I have had wonderful times. But now getting in and out of Paris is too much of a strain; when I week-end I jump on a nice, clean comfortable train. It takes me swiftly wherever I want to go, and where, waiting in the station yard, I find the "self-drive" car I have ordered by telephone. A lazy habit maybe, but a pleasant one!

## Enfin!

● The blind man's bowl was empty; no one seemed to "Pity the poor Blind." Charles Trenet passed. He stopped, picked up the beggar's slate, and wrote: "To-morrow spring will be here and I shall not see it." That evening the blind man went home rich.





*Mr. Harold Judd, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Brand, vice-president, Concert Committee, and the Hon. Thomas Brand, C.M.G.*



*Mrs. Charles Van Bergen awaiting the arrival of the Duchess with the Hon. Lady Macnaghten*



*Sir Charles and Lady Hambro were here in conversation with Lord Rea in one of the bars*

## **DUCHESS OF KENT AT SOUTH BANK CONCERT**

THE Mayor and Mayoress of Lambeth greeted the Duchess of Kent when she attended a concert at the Royal Festival Hall in aid of the Y.W.C.A. The audience heard an inspiring programme by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult, with Isobel Baillie the soprano, and Monique Haas, pianist. An account of the concert is given by Jennifer on page 27



*Lady Victoria Scott, second sister of Earl Haig, and Mrs. Leicester Curzon-Howe*



*Here the president, the Duchess of Marlborough, C.B.E., was presenting Lady Bird, Concert Committee chairman, and (behind) Countess Fortescue, a vice-president, to the Duchess*

Van Hallan





*The aid of Miss Cicely Courtneidge was invoked to blow out the candles on the large, beribboned birthday cake. Watching her efforts with amusement are the young hostesses, Miss Bridget Kimmins (left), who is the daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Bryan Kimmins, and Miss Verena Kimmins.*

## COUSINS CELEBRATED "BIRTHDAY DOUBLE"

TWO cousins, Miss Verena and Miss Bridget Kimmins, had their twenty-first birthdays so close together that they celebrated the occasion with a big combined party, sharing one birthday cake. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fitzgerald, close friends of Miss Verena Kimmins's parents, Capt. Anthony Kimmins, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Kimmins, lent their beautiful house in Cadogan Gardens for the party, which was enormously successful, guests of three generations wishing the young people good luck, among them many celebrities of the stage and screen with which Capt. Anthony Kimmins is closely connected. Jennifer describes the party on page 30



*Mrs. Bryan Kimmins, mother of Bridget, was talking to Major Patrick Fremantle, while Mrs. Fremantle was having a word with Mrs. Anthony Kimmins*





*Julia and Timothy Fitzgerald, whose parents lent their house for the party, having a breather on the staircase*



*Miss Gillian Taylor was in conversation with Mr. Simon Kimmins, son of Capt. and Mrs. Kimmins, and Mr. Patrick Cargill, the actor*



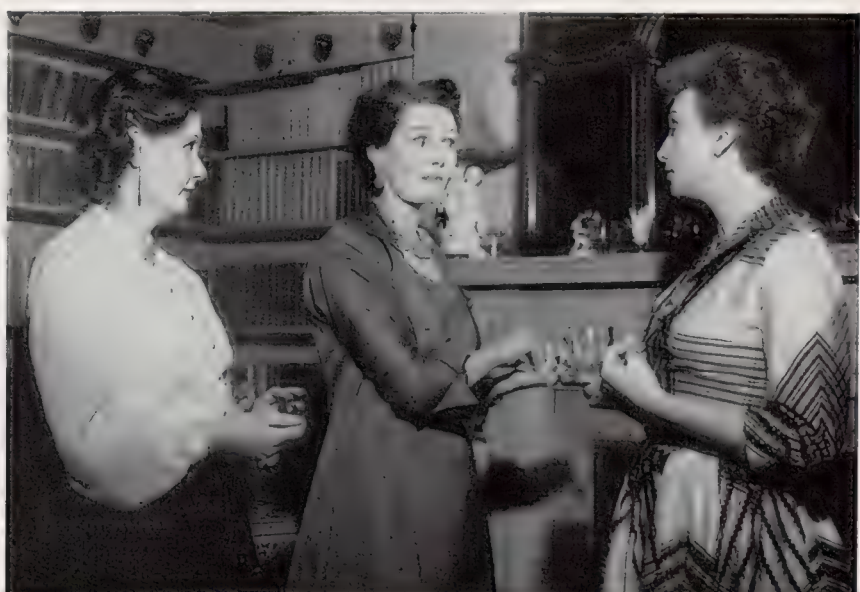
*Miss Zena Marshall, the film actress, was talking of life on the set to Capt. Charles Firth*



*Miss Penelope Bowerie, Mr. Michael Farmer and Miss Polly Vian were three more who made a valuable contribution to the party spirit*



*Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, the actor (right), was here with Mr. Bill O'Bryen, Mrs. Warren Tute and actor Mr. Frank Lawton*



*Mrs. Walter Fitzgerald was listening to Miss Elizabeth Allan recounting a recent stage experience to fellow actress Miss Googie Withers*

Gabor Denes



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

"YOU 'airdresser on the chestnut 'oss . . .!" Sahibs addicted to Literature will recall that M.F.H. Jorrocks received a brisk return-rocket from a bushy-whiskered officer of the Ninety-First for this unfortunate *gaffe*. A joint-Master could have helped to take the strain. Three joint-Masters (such as a well-known northern Hunt now boasts, we perceive, and one of them a lady) could have roared back all together and knocked the Army for a row of papier-mâché Japanese ashcans.

It seems to us that three joint-Masters could profitably divide the field between them for disciplinary purposes, one taking 'on the top subscribers, the second coping with the rank-and-file, and the lady Master reserving herself for the hard girls, of whose type the eighteenth-century poet pensively remarks:

*Thalestris triumphs in a manly Mien,  
Loud is her Accent, and her Phrase obscene (etc.)*

Hunting chaps ruled, like all hunting chaps, by rage and fear may be glad to know that a new technique with these babies is being developed by lady joint-Masters. At the operative moment a low, sweet, vibrant contralto says: "Pray, pray do not overstrain that bursting corsage with unseemly vociferation, lest the huzzas of gentlemen intoxicated by the chase give way to cries of offended modesty and shocked animadversion." Thus recalled to womanhood the hard girl distends her redhot tonsils and weeps, and the Hunt sweeps on without (or over) her; the pace in the latter case being "too good to inquire," as the saying goes.

B.

ONE thing about bees we forgot to mention the other week (an apiarist reminds us) is that they may sting the citizenry in fun, and beekeepers in revenge, but they never sting that type of innocent known in Southern England as a Bee Boy, who can do anything with them.

There's a Bee Boy ("not quite right in the head") in one of Kipling's Sussex stories, and a better one mentioned by Gilbert White—a Bee Boy addicted to overturning hives to get the honey, thus driving the beekeepers of Selborne as crazy as if they'd collected it all themselves. This, we should inform you urban slickers, beekeepers scorn to do. Dismiss, therefore, any mental picture of homely looking men with long, quivering probosces flitting from flower to flower. All the rough work is done by the bees.

(Interval for refreshment)

We left off there to try and get some official confirmation of an alleged amusing trick practised by beekeepers. It consists of throwing out a lot of bees in a bunch and watching them return to the hive, causing (apparently) roars of laughter. We could find no bee-journal listed under "B" in the only work of reference available, but we found so many fascinating surprises such as *Banker (The)*, *Basinful of Fun (The)*, *Beano (The)*, *Bedding and Upholstery*, *Better Health*, *Bottling*, *British Corsetry*, *British Heart Journal (The)*, *Business*, and a few more—that we forgot all about bees and continued reading right down to *Zoo Life*. Note, chicks, that amid this welter of periodical literature catering for every taste there is no official organ either for cricket or the national sister-sport, bigamy. Odd.

## Pinxit

FLASHING their glorious eyes and tossing their lovely heads with a defiant *moue*, the mem-sahibs of Britain are still (our spies report) brooding resentfully over the recent disclosure by a chemical expert that a lot of the stuff they spray and plaster on their exquisite faces is pure bilge at about 800 to 1,000 per cent profit.

Rich women often ask us, with some asperity, what we're thinking about as we gaze absently at their colourful pans. We're thinking out new ways of beautifying them, and one which occurred to us last week is obviously a winner. Gentlemen often remark in clubs, with a sneer, that a lot of the curly lips women paint on their faces are pretty badly done. Our idea, suggested to a Mrs. Goldenkrantz at a dinner-party, is that Royal Academicians should be hired for this purpose. Most of the boys would ask a fairly reasonable fee, we discover, and would welcome the job, being pretty sick of painting cows and Cornish scenery and dead fish on plates. Designed and executed by a master, a perfect Cupid's bow on a wealthy face would be a joy to see.

## Footnote

MRS. GOLDENKRANTZ fell for this in a big way, as expected. This conversation ensued:

"What about a perfect rat-trap like poor dear Celia's?"

"Three coats and a fixative might get over that."

"I suppose the Academy would make a thing of it?"



"Rather. Varnishing Day, Private View, and so forth—the boys are dead keen."

"And they'd sign their work?"

"On the chin."

"Poor darling Laura—which chin?"

Uncharitable, we thought. Oh, you glittering, mordacious, arbitrary, desiccated, infidel old *battleaxe*, Mrs. Goldenkrantz, we thought. It sickened us and we changed the subject.

## Dough

COINING is such a rare pastime nowadays that a news item about a citizen charged with being in possession of implements "intended to make or impress figures and stamps bearing a resemblance to both or either sides of current silver coins" seemed like an echo of the Golden Age.

"Golden" being the operative word, since (a chap in close touch with Scotland Yard tells us) making your own money for circulation is barely worth while since the gold-coinage vanished. Even before that it was intensely difficult and dangerous unless you installed the same complicated machinery as the Mint. This was actually done in Paris in the 1900s by the brilliant Bonnot, head of the Bonnot gang, though he never got round to using it, owing to being shot by the cops. Probably the next most effective thing is to force your bank to give you nothing but beautiful brand-new notes and silver, a foible of that fantastic, mystical, Arabian-Nights personage the late Mr. Maundy Gregory, who flashed like a meteor across the London scene in the 1920s.

Thinkers with heirs at advanced prep-schools sometimes ask us earnestly if there is any career (as once) in manufacturing your own banknotes. We doubt it, the Bank being stuffy and even big business men being liable nowadays to look twice at a £500 note. (If it's hand-printed on brown paper, for instance, those keen eyes reject it almost without hesitation.) So we generally suggest sticking to the cosh, with which the Third Form is usually familiar.

~~~~~ BRIGGS . . . . by Graham ~~~~~

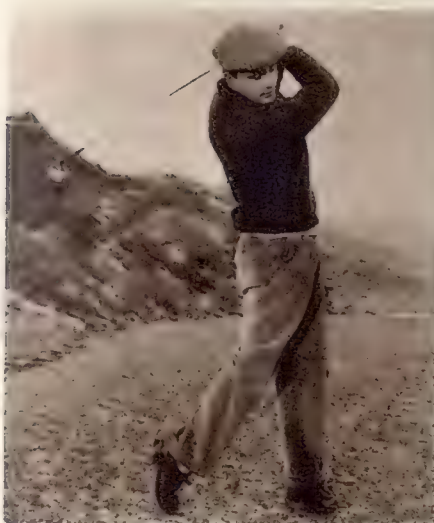






Gordon Huddy of Cambridge driving from the eighth green in his game with R. K. Pitamber (extreme left), who finally beat him 2 and 1 in a classic struggle

ONE OF THE CLOSEST MATCHES for many years in the Oxford v. Cambridge golf fixture took place at Rye this year, when Cambridge won by 8—7, after a breathtaking last-hour pursuit by Oxford of the decisive point. This two-days engagement showed the spirit of golf at its best



Richard Gardiner-Hill, the Oxford secretary, in play. He lost to R. O'Brien by 3 and 2



Richard Bull, Oxford's captain, who went down by 4 and 3 in his game with W. R. Alexander



D. R. Stuart

The Cambridge team: Standing, Geoffrey Muscutt (Emmanuel, reserve), David Johnstone (Pembroke), Robin Waddell (Pembroke, reserve), Robert Bridges (Trinity), David Marsh (Caius), Derek Pilling (Clare), Robin O'Brien (Corpus). Sitting, Ian Campbell-Grey (St. Catherine's), Gordon Huddy (Selwyn), Ronald Alexander (Clare, captain), Jeffrey Agate (Jesus), John Whitmore (Clare)



"... she just hung up on me"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"MY boy," said the magnate to his son, "there are two things that are vitally necessary if you are to succeed in business."

"What are they, father?"

"Honesty and sagacity."

"What is honesty?"

"Always—no matter what happens or how adversely it may affect you—always keep your word once you have given it."

"And sagacity?"

"Never give it."

TWO women who had not met for some time were talking and, after discussing numerous domestic details, the first woman remarked: "I do hope your health is better than when I saw you last."

"No, I grow worse every day," was the doleful response.

"I am so sorry to hear that," said the second woman. "What seems to be the matter?"

"Nobody knows," said the long-suffering one. "And the doctors say they can't tell until after a post-mortem."

"Oh, you poor thing!" murmured her friend. "In your state of health you can never live through that."

LITTLE Susie was very cowardly, afraid of everyone and everything, and her father decided to have a serious talk with her. At the end of his discourse, she said: "Daddy, when you see a cow, aren't you afraid?"

"Of course not," her father replied.

"Aren't you afraid of wasps?"

"No—they don't often sting, you know."

"Aren't you even afraid when it thunders?"

"No, dear."

"Daddy," said the little girl solemnly, "aren't you afraid of anything in the world but Mummy?"

HE was a small, shrinking type of man, but a very staunch temperance worker. He saw a big, burly fellow enter a pub, and followed him in. The hulking one ordered a pint of bitter. Touching him on the arm, the little man said: "And do you think for one moment, my friend, that that horrible drink is going to quench your thirst?"

The man turned slowly and looked at him.

"Wot?" he said. "One glass like this? Not something likely!"





DONNA LUCIA (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) is somewhat surprised when her impersonator Lord Babberley (John Mills) speeds feately past, exhaling a vapour-trail of nicotine, and zealously pursued by the ardent, if somewhat unwieldy, Mr. Spettigue (Philip Stainton)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations]  
by Emmwood

## At the Theatre

### "Charley's Aunt" (Strand)

WHO would have expected ever again to see Charley running about the regular West End stage as though the devil were at his heels? Yet it has happened, and it is not after all surprising that it should have happened, the general theatrical situation being what it is. In this situation we have enterprising play presenters, prodigiously clever play producers and accomplished actors all eating their heads off for want of good new material.

What else should they do in the circumstances but deploy their various talents in an effort to show that at least they can make good old material look as good as new? What fun to rescue this roaring old farce from the provincial boards and take enormous pains to realise all its comic possibilities!

There is nothing to be said against this plan except that the old material is perversely inclined to resist the sheer cleverness of the new treatment. We admire the stage picture, which is delicately composed and exquisitely tinted. The dresses are amusingly right, and we can see that the comic effects have been carefully studied.

PERHAPS they have been altogether too carefully studied. All the little bits of comic business have been arranged into a consistent pattern, and now and then, as when Charley empties the salad bowl on to his plate, Sir John Gielgud has contrived a climax where everything is deliberately let rip. Yet somehow the abject surrender to laughter which we are momentarily expecting to make does not come, and we begin to think that farce, a crude but vital stuff, is perhaps better left in its raw state. It gains nothing and loses much by being manufactured into a sham comedy.

The producer is making a point of treating *Charley's Aunt* more or less in the spirit of art; and we cannot help reflecting that it has often seemed a great deal funnier when played in the rough-and-ready spirit so obviously akin to its own.

What does the scenery matter, what do the dresses matter, what even do fine shades of acting matter while Charley is pouring the tea and the milk into Spettigue's tall hat or is running round the college garden with the stout fortune-hunter wheezily and ponderously in pursuit? This is the farce we know, and when such scenes occur we forget that we are watching a skillfully contrived work of theatrical art and let ourselves go in the old splendidly uninhibited way. Fortunately, there are so many of these art-proof scenes that we can enjoy the evening in spite of the feeling that a clever producer is doing his best to foist a changeling of comedy on us in place of the familiar farce.



BRASSETT (Eliot Makeham) knows a good wine—and a good tip—when he sees one

IN any case, polished acting is always agreeable to watch, even when wastefully employed. The wild antics of the aunt may be a piece of premeditated art, but at least Mr. John Mills never puts a foot where he does not intend that it shall go. He makes the cigar-smoking scene a little *tour de force* of comic acting, and when Charley has at last got rid of the skirts of his imaginary aunt he adds a genuinely tender note of true love into the winding-up of the farcical complications.

This winding-up is indeed a curious business, for it is conducted with such elegant realism that the admirably comic Spettigue of Mr. Philip Stainton cannot help appearing in a truly pathetic light. We feel about him, as we feel about Malvolio, that he has been gravely wronged.

MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES plays the real aunt withmost graceful malice. Mr. William Mervyn is delightfully debonair as the gallant colonel, and Mr. Eliot Makeham, as the scout, shows how much a good actor may put into a few discreet coughs. Miss Joy Rodgers and Miss Jennifer Wright, Mr. Simon Lack and Mr. David Evans are all pleasingly demure or pleasingly fresh as the young people.





Waiting for the music to strike up again were Mr. Garry Service, whose joint celebration it was, and Miss Tessa Ruscoe. The dance took place at the Hyde Park Hotel

A COMING-OF-AGE DANCE, given by Mrs. Russell Weilenman for her son, Mr. Garry Service, was combined with a coming-out dance for her daughter, Miss Shuna Service. It proved a delightful evening for the young friends of the brother and sister, amongst them many of this season's debutantes



Miss Shuna Service, a debutante of 1953, was dancing a slow fox-trot with Mr. Michael Thornton



The hostess, Mrs. Russell Weilenman, had just finished a number partnered by Lord Chesham

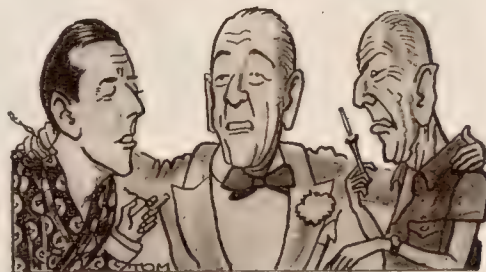


Miss Tessa Gaines was here enjoying a conversation with Mr. Stuart Parkinson at the buffet



Miss Mary Martineau, Mr. William Service, Miss Elizabeth Landon and Mr. George Service

## London Limelight



Three vintages of Noël Coward: youthful prodigy, established playwright, Montego Bay host

## No Peace For The Witty

THE second volume of Noël Coward's memoirs, *Future Indefinite* (Heinemann; 21s.), is now open for public inspection. It incorporates a great deal of his "Middle East Diary," and takes the Master from 1939 to V.E. Day. I write as one who had excellent reason to be grateful for the author's excursions to remote Commands. These tours were made to uplift morale, an enterprise in which E.N.S.A. was at that time failing lamentably and impotently, and they were supremely successful. Many of the troops neither understood nor did they particularly like Mr. Coward, who was neither blonde nor glamorous. What they did appreciate was that a major star had taken the trouble to come to sing to them, and this was of vital importance.

In this connection I note the author describes one General as "friendly, charming and clean." One must, of course, agree, even if other attributes seemed to have a prior claim. But Mr. Coward's pen, laden with just the right touch of school-marmish wit, should be appreciated without cavil for the vintage bouquet which it presents.

MISS INGRID BERGMAN, a film notable and an actress into the bargain, will be produced by her husband Mr. Roberto Rossellini, at the Stoll on July 1st. She will appear in the title-role of Honegger's "Joan of Arc at the Stake," together with a very large cast and a very large orchestra, the latter commanded by Basil Cameron. Miss Bergman has already been seen in a Hollywood version of the legend, but not as an operatic heroine. Even so, she will not sing, but declaim.

This major work of the mature Honegger, composer of "Rugby" and once one of "Les Six," was first heard here under the same conductor at the Albert Hall in 1949, in its modest civilian clothes before grooming for stardom.

A RESTIVE audience at the Saville Theatre, where *The White Countess* opened and closed recently, watched the sad spectacle of a group of actors struggling with the dulllest play within my memory of thirty years' theatre-going. A coldly amateur suet pudding sprinkled with stale paprika would have made a fitting second course to this verbose dish. What on earth has happened to Priestley, the constructor of plays who wrote *Dangerous Corner*, the thinker of *Time and the Conways*, the philosopher of *Eden End*?

Fanny Taylor, who designed an impressive operetta setting, and some suave costumes, provided the only solace for the occasion. Let us hope respectfully that Mr. Priestley will resume his role as the Wilfred Pickles of the tuppenny library in time for the autumn publishing lists.

—Youngman Carter





Ron. Francis

G/CAPT. DOUGLAS BADER, D.S.O., D.F.C., relaxes after a round of golf. His biography, *Reach for the Sky*, by Paul Brickhill (Collins 15s.), is one of the outstanding successes of the spring publishing season

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# Britain's Lure Is Her Story

SPRING stirs; travel is in the air. A panorama, gladdened by April light, unfolds before the eye of the mind—castles on crags, rivers racing down gorges, lakes holding sky, the dazzle of noon on fair foreign cities, blue tides lapping on coasts we have yet to know.

Magical is the dusk of the long evenings. Abroad, mountain passes unseal themselves one by one; whole stretches of Italy flush with peach blossom; young green like fire touches the great French forests. Oranges and roses are in the South; awnings come out over café tables; the sentinel cypresses of the Midi, row on row, throw into brilliant relief glowing ancient brick, terraced vineyards, chalk-white coral or amber stucco. Oh, to be "abroad" now that April's here!

"Abroad" lies wherever the fancy turns. It waits not only across the water but beyond the horizon and round the corner—the call we hear is the call of the unknown, the lure of the still-undiscovered country. Tracts of Britain are still to the Britisher nothing more than a legend, a string of names and a mystery. While planes take off for the Continent, boat-trains teem to the ports, may not some of us think twice, stay home and explore?

THIS charm Britain holds for the foreign visitor, this power she has, year by year, to attract in thousands—what is it, in what does it reside? In the beauty, yes. But also in the great story. For in travelling, in seeking this island out, one thinks not only *where* to go but *why*. Our landscape is, in itself a packed book of history—to move through it is like turning page after page. So long is our past, so small is our land that *something*, we are reminded, has happened everywhere! Therefore, let the "why" of the route we plan be according to what interests us most.

HISTORIC BRITAIN (Odhams; 16s.) is a volume skilfully edited with a view to showing this rich diversity. That is to say, it offers in sixteen chapters (each by a different and able hand) sixteen different facets of Britain's past—architectural, human, natural and supernatural. The advisory editor has been Graham Fisher;

John Pennington, writing the Introduction, indicates how the book was planned.

Travel being a visual affair, *Historic Britain* both requires and has ample and various illustration—not its least appeal is that of a picture-book, and the 250 photographs each gain story-interest from their sub-titles. Every scene we are shown holds its charge of drama—each, once, gave background to some vital event. Are you interested, for instance, in those invaders who, wave after wave, gained footing upon our shores, left their marks, added richness to our heredity? A chapter traces their movements, shows their vestiges. Britain's battlefields, where so much hung in the balance, where so much was staked on the fate of a single day—do those attract you? Pages direct you to them. Sailors and explorers have left behind them their quiet birthplaces; smugglers and pirates haunt, with illicit glamour, the caves, creeks, crags and inlets we here are shown.

FAR from all sweetness and light is our island story. "Prisons and Prisoners," "Murders and Massacres," "Plots, Intrigues and Exploits," "Riots, Risings and Rebellions," cater, here, for our melodramatic tastes. (These chapters should appeal to your schoolboy son, bored, it may be, by more "improving" monuments.) Ghost-lovers may, with the aid of "Ghosts and Phantoms," route themselves zigzag across Britain, from abbey to manor, ruin to timbered gallery, in search of wailing ladies and screaming skulls: a "Witchcraft" section has been no less well handled by the same author, Christina Hole, who also relays "Folklore and Legends." "Some Mighty Men," "Some Famous Women" and "Famous Martyrs" give travel a less macabre and spooky, distinctly more edifying trend.

Noble are the pictures—contours of land, soaring towers and arches, the play of shadow and sweep of light over old stone or timeless, melting distances. One may travel in mind through this book, by one's own fireside on a spring rainy day, or outdoors in the deck-chair in one's own garden. Or, make a gift of *Historic Britain* to such and any of your visiting friends for whom this great island is an "abroad."

One pre-technique of good travel is choice of books. Pocket-size classics and paper-backs seem the things to go for; but one should include at least one new, striking novel—tense enough to absorb one at the first reading, thought-provoking enough to demand to be read again, wide enough in appeal to be circulated throughout the party, controversial enough to give food for talk. Such a book is Mark Schorer's *THE WARS OF LOVE* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; ros. 6d.). The appearance of this novel in London has—which is rare—synchronised with its publication in New York: a challenging study of adolescent love and its carry-over into later experience now makes a simultaneous impact upon two continents.

*THE WARS OF LOVE* opens with four children, a girl and three boys, in a lakeside resort. Summer after summer Milly Moore, Dan Ford, Freddie Grabhorn and Grant Norman (who tells the story) meet again, to renew their holiday life—allies, fellow-conspirators, innocent brigand children of wealthy parents. They rove the woods together, they swim, they boat, they make a camp on an island—while in the background is going on the sometimes tortuous, sometimes formal, sometimes tormented existence of the grown-ups. With each autumn, the summer houses are closed; the gang breaks up and returns to life in the city—during winters, none of them meet at all.

Milly, when first we know her, is a long-legged, sure-footed, boy-like twelve-year-old girl. She is fearless; she is born with a wish to dominate. Gradually, time robs this Garden of Eden of its innocence; adolescent disturbance sets up—Milly, a child no longer, by turns and in different ways disturbs and attracts Dan, Freddie and Grant. Inevitably, strife declares itself among the quartet—Grant Norman's farewell view of the lake, on the afternoon that ends that first youthful interlude, becomes symbolic:

I stood on the terrace that lay above the lake and watched the sky darken. Far away in the Valley hills, thunder rumbled and gurgled, and the wind that came ahead of the rain ruffled the dark water as though it had a surface of indigo feathers. . . . I was consumed with regret: I wanted the past again with a wild hunger, I wanted to live it over more blithely. And I said, How foolish!

YET the past is to be relived, though not blithely. Wind blows again, though icily, and this time down the length of a New York street when, ten years later, Grant re-encounters Milly. For those ten years, family troubles (his father's ruin and suicide, his mother's deterioration, his own struggles to make a living in California) have totally cut him off from his former friends. Now, he finds Milly married to Dan; with Freddie as a permanent household third. The re-entry of Grant Norman into the group precipitates what has been a suspended crisis. The adolescent, dangerous pattern renews itself—for, there is something sinister, something uneasy about the Dan-Milly marriage, and still more about the perpetual tie with Freddie. Dan is, in fact, for reasons given, a nervous casualty: his wife and his friend are, as Grant sees, battenning upon the situation—Grant's renewed passion for Milly does not blind him to her dangerousness, her terrible will to power. The story moves to a dire climax.

Mr. Schorer, as novelist, commands not only style in the great sense but convincingness of a rare kind. Psychologically, is his story possible? Reading, one cannot doubt it. The idea upon which he bases *The Wars of Love* is a dismaying one—is it in early youth that we forge our emotional destinies? So hypnotically vivid are his characters, so memorable the scenes through which they live, that their experience seems to become one's own.





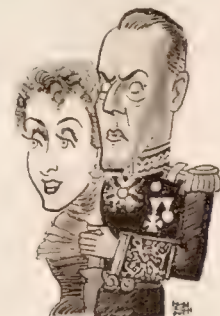


**ANGUISHED MOMENT.** Joyce MacKenzie is afraid to breathe after Mary McCarty has helped her into a dress that fits all too well. A scene from R.K.O.'s amusing Technicolor fantasy, *The French Line*, which stars Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland and Arthur Hunnicutt, and will be showing in London in the near future. The plot, which describes the troubles of the richest girl in Texas, and how she resolves them by a change of identity, has a distinct twang of the old Globe at Bankside, and provides robust entertainment not unworthy, in essence, of that establishment

## At The Pictures

# AFRICA BEATS BOUDOIR

Two maestros display their quite opposite talents in the art of film direction this week. Harry Watt of *Overlanders* fame and the outdoor quasi-documentary school, gives us *West of Zanzibar* (Odeon, Marble Arch). Max Ophuls of *La Ronde* fame and the indoor-innuendo school, presents *Madame de . . .* (Cameo-Polytechnic).



Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in "Madame de . . ."

Watt takes first prize. He has a serious theme: the disturbing impact of civilisation on a primitive African tribe. Lacing it with splendid action and camera work, he handles it straightforwardly and easily.

Anthony Steel is convincingly cast as the true-blue game-warden whose job is to look after animals, but whose practical humanity draws him to the care of the human beings who inhabit his reserve. Soil erosion drives the tribe from their home and—against the pleas of the game-warden and the Chief (worthily played by Edric Connor)—they move to the temptations of the coast. Corrupted by Mombasa life, they fall in with Arab ivory-smugglers who employ them to poach elephants. So, shouldering the white man's burden, the game-warden sets out to bust the smugglers and save his tribesmen and elephants.

STEEL must be grateful to his war-time Commando training, for the chase takes him over sea, swamp, jungle and river, including an elephant hunt, two nasty duckings and exciting encounters with a leopard, crocodiles and hippopotami. It is authentic, gripping stuff. Just far enough behind to keep her hair tidy follows Sheila Sim who, as the hero's wife, competently shows that British girls can cope with jungle life, too.

The photography is worthy of the scenery. Where the naïve story might drag, it is saved by glorious, incidental material on Arab dhows, Mombasa, tribal dances and ceremonies, and fishing and wild life. Yet another achievement by Sir Michael Balcon and his Ealing Studio pioneers. It will be a favourite for the Easter hols.

YOU would think that a conspiracy between Max Ophuls, Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer to film Louise de Vilmorin's ironical tale of amorous intrigue, *Madame de . . .*, would result in something delicious.

Not so, however. A reformed Mr. Ophuls offers us a sombre period piece of almost Victorian morality in which a wife's faithlessness ends in her and her lover's deaths. I am baffled. Not that the film lacks distinction. On the contrary. Beauty and talent unite in Miss Darrieux, who gives a fascinating study of the wayward heroine. Vittorio de Sica plays her lover with classical precision. It was with Charles Boyer that I was not happy. As a worldly, cultivated aristocrat, he sometimes seemed just knowing and tough. The mark of Hollywood?

To create a heavy period *ambiance* Ophuls at times appears to have gone back to period film technique. In dim light the camera wanders through sets stuffed with furniture and fittings in search of a visually elusive cast. Effective, but overdone.

—Dennis W. Clarke



## Motoring

# Five Hours To Paris

• Oliver Stewart •

At this time of year crops of new motor-cars appear, like spots on schoolboys' faces, as an anticipatory salute to the sun. Both signify the close of the central heating season and the opening of the season of trunks and tans. A more delicate and pleasing association than the one I have instanced was that implied by the tulips and daffodils sent to the wives of those especially interested in the new Standard Ten.

Mr. I. J. Penrice illustrated by this means that there are two ways of bringing home the perfume: one with flowers, the other with a neat little motor-car. If the flowers will not come to the motorist, the motorist must go to the flowers. It was a charming touch and will bring me permanently a faint whiff of pleasure whenever I see a Standard Ten.

Both the Ten and the other new car recently announced, the Nash Metropolitan, will enable the peoples of this country and of North America to slam the door on the dug-out and to make their way outwards from the cities to the places where no Minister has yet penetrated with his subsidised teams of mechanically-equipped tree-fellers and professional uglifiers. There are still some parts in this small island where touring remains a delight. It is usually sound practice to go where traffic densities are low. In many parts of Scotland, for instance, the roads are clear, the scenery unspoilt and that pain in the neck, the "indivisible load," almost unknown.

For myself, however, I prefer the Continent and would like to spend much more time than I do touring in France, the only remaining country where the motorist can still feel that he is not continuously under suspicion for some offence or other. The air way to France is in increasing use, and Townsend Brothers tell me that on their ferry, this year's bookings to date exceed those for last year by 17 per cent. Then the Bristol Company have given me a report on a journey undertaken in one of their cars from Marble Arch to the Arc de Triomphe. The whole thing took exactly five hours and five minutes, fractionally more than the luncheon interval of a really highly placed business executive.

If you are touring in the British Isles I must utter the warning: that unless you have advance information about the inns and hotels on the road, it is better to take your own meals and drinks in the car. Many a journey has been spoilt by the dish of beetroot swimming in vinegar which appears to be not only the *plat du jour*, but the *plat de tous les jours* at a number of hotels we could all name if it were not for the laws of libel. But there are pleasant eating and drinking spots in England and it is the duty of those who go touring by



"I suppose they eventually all join the Navy"

car to pass on the information when they discover them.

It is one of the innkeeper's complaints that, in this country, you can go to great pains to set a fine meal before your customers without evoking the smallest appreciation. Let the touring motorist do his part in removing that criticism by showing his appreciation of good food and willing service. I fear that the motoring associations have not been effective in sorting out the good and the bad restaurants and hotels.

ALL reports of the Royal Automobile Club Rally seem to be favourable.

The organisation appears to have been excellent and the tests valuable. The Triumph TR.2 deserved its success. As Triumphs and Standards go together, I would like to refer back for a moment to the Standard Ten. At the meeting in London when the car was first shown, Mr. Dick explained the export situation and pointed to the large markets available for a car of this kind in Sweden. It is a well-found little car, externally of similar lines to the Eight but with rear access to the luggage boot and other differences.

The Nash Metropolitan is built by Austin, and Fisher and Ludlow, and is therefore in the weird position of being a wholly British car built entirely for the American market.

The Deputy Chairman of the Austin Motor Company, Mr. Harriman, spoke of a planned production of 500 a week.

TOURING, about which more than a little has been said, is not the only seasonal activity to which we now look forward. Racing is another. Goodwood, as I mentioned in a previous article, has its first international meeting on April 19th, and among those who have entered up to the time of writing are Reg Parnell with a Ferrari, de Graffenried and Salvadori with Maseratis, and Ken Wharton and Ron Flockhart with B.R.M.s.

Another bit of racing news which delighted me was that young Tommy Sopwith has formed a racing stable to be known as Equipe Endeavour. The basis of the car is that beautifully designed engine, the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire.

To people like myself who have known Sir Thomas Sopwith for so long and seen so much of his pioneer work in aviation and motoring, it is indeed a pleasure to find his son entering the same field with such enthusiasm. The new stable will be represented, I believe, at the Goodwood members' meeting, which will be held before these notes appear; but I shall watch its activities in the future with the keenest interest and I shall do all I can to support it.



The Bristol 403 passing through Ashford on the way to Lympne aerodrome for the "airlift to Paris"



Driving up the loading ramp of the Silver City freighter which ferries cars across the Channel





From the Arc de Triomphe the Bristol turns down one of the great avenues that are the city's pride



Passing the great cathedral at Beauvais, which suffered so severely during the weeks after D-Day

ONCE ACROSS THE CHANNEL the Bristol 403 makes excellent going to Paris, which, as described on page 50, it reaches in just over five hours



L. A. Crowther  
Camp Hill Old Edwardians, 1954. Standing: A. M. Bowker (touch judge), J. M. Daish, D. A. Scull (hon. sec.), D. J. Brown, D. R. Allcott, E. H. Kay, R. H. Harrison, A. J. Glasby, D. J. Smith, E. D. Quiney, L. C. Heaven (chairman). Seated: B. L. Cheshire, D. R. Bushell, G. Baugh, T. J. Fisher (capt.), G. D. Houghton, K. P. Birrell, B. J. Wightman.

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

## CAMP HILL OLD EDWARDIANS

THOUGH never reaching the highlights, the Camp Hill Old Edwardians have played an important part in North Midland Rugby since the club was instituted sixty years ago. The original King Edward's School, Birmingham, was founded in the reign of Edward VI., and in the course of time the foundation was extended by the creation of grammar schools in other districts of the city, hence the distinctive and descriptive prefix to its title of Old Edwardians.

Like all clubs that depend on one school for recruits, there must naturally be an ebb and flow in its playing strength, and the vintage years of the Old Edwardians have been clearly marked.

The club started auspiciously by winning twelve of the sixteen matches played in its first season, when it occupied a ground at Sparkhill. A few years later the development of the district caused a move to Wake Green, Moseley, where the club remained until 1928, when the present headquarters at Shirley were purchased, and later a commodious club house was built.

RECOGNITION of the growing strength of the club came in the selection of F. M. Wharton and C. A. W. Fentiman for the Midland Counties in the early years of the century, when such strong clubs as Rugby, Wolverhampton, Moseley and Nuneaton figured in the fixture card.

Fortunes varied after the worst season of the club's history in 1904, when the old students won only one game, though outstanding years appeared at regular intervals. In 1933, the Old Edwardians became the first Midland club to go through a season unbeaten, with the splendid record of 27 won and 1 drawn, scoring 425 points to 106 against. The decade following was one of sustained success, for in each of the pre-war seasons the club enjoyed a balance of wins.

THE Old Boys, despite ever-increasing difficulties, kept the Rugby flag flying at Haslucks Green Road during the uncomfortable days of the war, chiefly through the efforts of "Bill" Alexander and other stalwarts, which enabled the club to resume peacetime Rugger more easily than most, and paved the way for one of the most successful periods of the club.

Sixty years is a long time to bridge, and one cannot mention the many Old Edwardians who have helped to place the club high among Old Boy organisations. But one name stands out above all others, the late Edward Parker, who played in the club's first match in 1893, made over 400 appearances in the first XV., which he captained for eighteen years, and served in various administrative capacities.

Note.—This concludes the Rugby Club histories. A new fortnightly series featuring sport in the Public Schools will start on April 14th.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

TWO weeks ago I mentioned the record on which the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra with Toscanini recorded Prokofiev's Classical Symphony, which was frankly disappointing. Happily this time the composer is served in a much more distinguished manner by the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, conducted by André Cluytens, playing the Concerto No. 3 in C, the soloist being twenty-nine-year-old Samson François. This work, like the Classical Symphony, was written during the time Prokofiev was in Paris (1922-1934) and shows him at his imaginative best. Being an exceptionally fine pianist himself, he has given to the world something in his Concerto No. 3 which pianists can scarcely afford to ignore.

Samson François, although just beginning his career, is a pianist of very considerable talent. His sensitive lyrical approach to the work is entirely admirable, and the balance and support between soloist and orchestra is always on the highest level.

To complete the second side M. François offers six of the twenty Visions Fugitives (Op. 22), and Toccata in D minor (Op. 11), which he plays with such skill that one dares to predict that he may very well become one of the greatest pianists of our time. (Columbia 33CX.1135.)

Robert Tredinnick



## SHOPPING

# EN VOYAGE LUXURY

UP-TO-DATE travel accessories make for comfort and luxury when away from home. Here are some which should add to the pleasure and convenience of your holiday, "en route" and on arrival at your destination, wherever that may be.

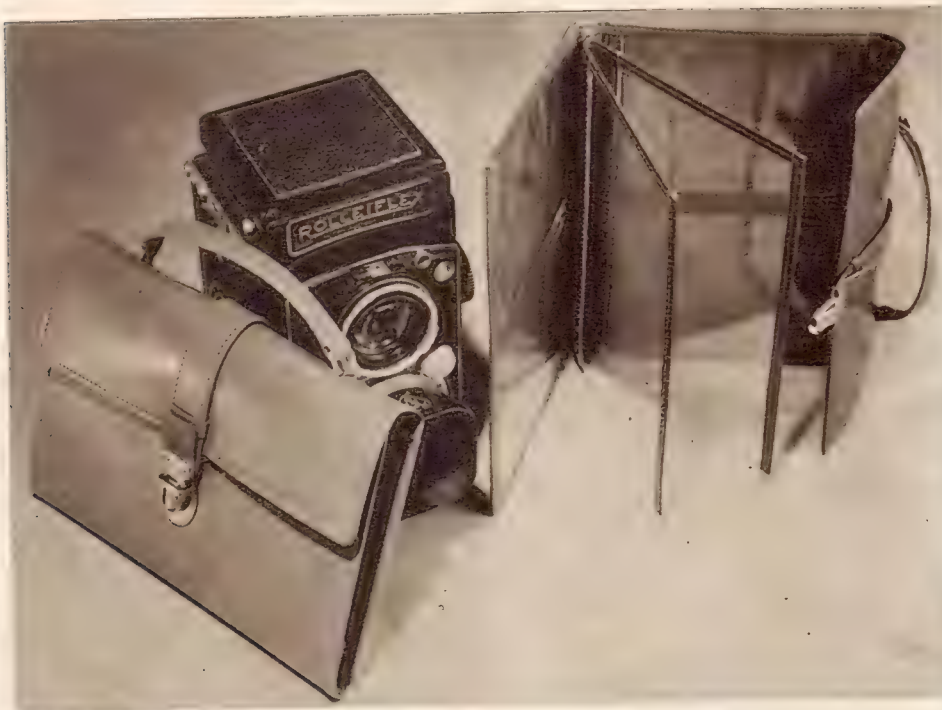
—JEAN CLELAND



Fitted beauty case, ideal for travel by land, sea and air. Three jars, three bottles, two pairs of scissors, comb, fixed mirror, manicure accessories. Price £7 3s. 9d. From Woollands



A capacious and luxurious-looking coach hide bag, designed—with outside zip pocket—to keep everything pertaining to travel neatly in place, and to protect it as only stout leather can. It is obtainable at the price of £8 15s. 9d. from Harrods, and is most useful for those "overspill" accessories you only find at the last minute



Home is where the heart is. These travelling photograph cases, to hold eight photographs, enable you to take reminders of your home and family with you when you go away. The price is £3 19s. 6d., and it is stocked by Harvey Nichols

## A LADY PACKS. . .

ABOUT TO EMBARK, the lady on the right surveys her "Wanted on voyage" kit with a delighted eye—as well she might. It consists of: (left to right) Rawhide robe case (Revelation), £32 10s.; Red leather sewing kit (Asprey), £3 2s. 6d.; Red calf hide travel bag (Debenham and Freebody), £10 10s.; Rawhide bookcase (Revelation), £8 5s.; Travelling bottle case (Fortnum and Mason), £3 11s.; Roll-up manicure case (Asprey), £16; Green Hangers (3) (Harrods), 5s. 9d.; Matching toilet set (Marshall and Snelgrove)—Bag with four pockets, lined white, 19s. 11d.; Make-up cape, 19s. 11d.; Cosmetic envelopes, zip fastened, plastic lined, each 8s. 11d.; Five-piece lingerie set in red and white (Fortnum and Mason), £3 19s. 6d. set; Blue hot-water bottle cover (Harrods), £1 1s. 9d.; Rawhide week-end case (Revelation), £17 5s.; Luxan hide dressing case, with enamel silver-gilt fittings (Asprey), £145; Luxan hide jewel roll, lined navy suede (Fortnum and Mason), £5 10s.; Cussons "Apple Blossom" bath luxuries (most good stores and chemists): Toilet soap, 9d.; Bath cubes (6), 2s. 9d.; Bath soap (3), 4s. 6d.; Talcum powder, 2s. 9d. Back left: Red leather travel clock (Fortnum and Mason), £10 2s. 6d.; On red chair: Travelling rug (Harrods), £7 7s.; Travelling cushion (Harrods), £1 12s. 6d.; and finally there is the floral house coat, worn by the model (Harrods), £5 12s. 6d.











# Casual Triumph

FOR THIS WEEK'S FASHION CHOICE we have found, with triumph, this wonderful canary yellow top coat. Made of softest, lightest mohair, in a simple wrap shape, this is a coat that you will find enormously useful both for day and evening occasions for town, country and the seaside. You can buy it also in grey or black, or in pale, fondant shades for the sunny days ahead. We think it is one of the best casual coats we have seen this spring and we like its price, which is 15½ gns. It comes from Jaegers of Regent St., who supplied all the merchandise shown on these two pages except the luggage, which was kindly lent by Noton Ltd.

—MARIEL DEANS



Accessories. A Paisley Silk Mist scarf, all greys, dull orange and bracken-brown, price 34s. 6d. A little hat in dark grey worsted that costs 45s., and gloves to match in two tones of grey, for 26s. 6d.



LEFT.—The dress to wear under your coat. Jaeger's grey, tweed-jersey chemise-dress with this season's wide shoulder-to-shoulder neck-line. It has short sleeves, a narrow skirt and a wide black jersey cummerbund. Price 12½ gns.



RIGHT.—Close-up of the coat, showing its gently rounded shoulders, long, slit pockets and sleeves which you can turn up into cuffs or wear full length



# Having A Wonderful Time

**T**RAVEL is in the air, travel brochures lie about. Sensible, reliable people have already made their holiday plans whilst the foolish and reckless have ceased their winter story of not being able to afford a holiday and are wildly trying to book something in Trinidad or Taormina. Our English wanderlust is upon us again and here are garments in which to clothe every woman's dream of herself looking gay and wonderful in an exciting foreign setting

MARIEL DEANS



ABOVE. Outfit to travel in—Lilly whites fine beige and white tweed dress with three-quarter length sleeves is worn under a loose, slip-on coat of mohair and wool with a bold collar and revers. This coat is a Lillywhite original and so is the hat of matching shower-proof jersey



LEFT. A play-suit from Harey Nichols' beachwear collection. "Duo Coloris" is made of ice-blue piqué worked with white broderie anglais. The charming neck-protecting sun-hat of vivid fuchsia-coloured straw has a scalloped brim. The sun-glasses match the hat

RIGHT. Simpson's sailing-smock has strayed from the harbour at Istria to the Spanish Steps. Made of blue denim with a white ribbed wool collar and cuffs, it is all enveloping, enormously chic







# ...A Wonderful Time

*BELOW. Our tourist goes sight-seeing in Liberty's Budget-shop exclusive, a narrow little dress of black and white cotton shirting with a wide boat neck, no sleeves and a fine black belt. This dress, which costs £4 18s. 6d., is real fashion news*

*RIGHT. A perfect short summer evening dress in periwinkle blue and white fern-patterned organdie. Cool, romantic, very packable, it has a strapless ruched bodice and a little jacket to wear over it. It comes from Debenham and Freebody's Twentys Budget shop*  
(Turn to page 62)







HANS WILD





Now! A 24 hour night and day beauty lift

## HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S NEW Contour-Lift Film

visibly 'lifts' and firms  
sagging facial contours

Only the genius of Helena Rubinstein could bring you CONTOUR-LIFT FILM—an invisible beauty liquid that visibly tightens, firms and smooths your skin 24 hours a day. Pat it on. Stroke it in. Instantly you'll feel its bracing action as sagging chin lines, flabby facial contours, puffy under-eye areas are toned, firmed, uplifted. Watch with delight as CONTOUR-LIFT FILM smooths out tell-tale, age-revealing lines around the eyes and mouth, crêpey wrinkles on the throat, for hour after hour.



Helena Rubinstein's exclusive new secret of younger-looking skin. Used night and morning—this supply will last for months. Price 30/-

Helena Rubinstein's CONTOUR-LIFT FILM contains rich penetrating oils, invigorating firming agents, and unique herbal extracts—a totally new idea in beauty treatments. Use CONTOUR-LIFT FILM by day under your make-up; and at night, after cleansing—to work for you 24 hours a day! You'll be richly rewarded now and through years to come.

**DEEP CLEANSER.** This remarkable new liquid cream purifies your skin three ways. It penetrates far deeper, removes both greasy and grimy dirt, and prevents blemishes. Always prepare your skin morning and night with Helena Rubinstein's sensational DEEP CLEANSER, 13/6.

# Helena Rubinstein

3 Grafton Street, London, W.1 Paris New York

## BEAUTY

### MAKE-UP EN ROUTE NEEDS FORESIGHT



Wherever your holiday, be sure of getting before hand the make-up in keeping

**M**ETHODS of packing for a holiday are as varied as the colours in a rainbow. There is the male "rough and tumble" way, the "start in plenty of time" way (with everything neatly laid out in readiness days beforehand) and the "foolish virgin leave it all to the eleventh hour" way (which usually ends in aspirins and cold bandages). Lastly, there is the "methodical list" way, in which each item is carefully put down under different headings.

People who adopt the last method frequently ask my advice as to what they should list in the way of beauty preparations. To which my reply is "It depends on the kind of holiday you are taking, where you are going, and what you are going to do when you get there."

It may be helpful for me to jot down a few ideas just to jog your memory when the task of packing is upon you.

**FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.** Cleansing cream (for dry skin) or cleansing lotion (for oily skin). Skin food (for nourishing), skin tonic (for toning), and all make-up requisites according to what you habitually use. A pair of tweezers, always useful for tidying unruly eyebrows or the odd unwanted hairs here and there. A cream polish remover that packs easily and cannot leak or spill. Cotton-wool and cleansing tissues.

**IF YOU ARE GOING TO BASK IN THE SUN.** A protective cream for the face to guard against burning. A protective oil for the body, or if you prefer something greaseless, a sun tonic. A hair-removing wax for the legs and a leg make-up to give them an attractive chiffony finish when you are going without stockings.

Some light scarves to tone with the beach kit and sun-bathing dresses, for wearing over the head and round the shoulders, to protect the hair and the back of the neck. Sun glasses to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun (not too dark, lightly tinted ones are the best choice). A good brillantine for the hair to smooth on before bathing, to protect it from the drying effects of sun and sea water. A dark shade of powder to tone with the skin when it starts to tan.

**FOR A VIGOROUS HOLIDAY WITH SPORT OR LONG WALKS.** A bottle of eau-de-Cologne to keep the hands cool and to rub over the feet to harden the skin. A box of Elastoplast to slip into the handbag in case of blisters. A good medicated foot powder to keep the feet fresh. If you are inclined to get hard skin under the feet from walking, some little callous pads to act as a protection and make for greater ease and comfort. For feet that get unduly hot when taking vigorous exercise, there are some excellent soles impregnated with chlorophyll, which slip easily into shoes.

**WHEN TRAVELLING TO A COLD CLIME.** An extra nourishing skin food (I suggest one with a lanoline formula base). A sun and wind protection cream. A rich night cream for the hands (a lanoline one again is excellent for correcting roughness and healing little cracks). A nutritive cleansing cream. Little knitted wristlets and anklets (the best way of keeping the extremities warm). If you suffer from cold hands, a little electric "hand" hot-water bottle, to slip into the pocket. This is a great comfort.

A green foundation and green powder to tone down the colour, if you have the sensitive type of skin that gets inflamed by the wind.

**FOR LENGTHY CAR OR RAIL TRAVEL.** A small travelling beauty box, with everything ready to hand for quick running repairs en route. A small air cushion (to fit behind the back) that blows up when needed, or deflates, and makes into a bag when not in use. A stick of frozen eau-de-Cologne or lavender for quick refreshment, or in case of a headache.

**IF YOU ARE TRAVELLING BY AIR.** It is useful to note that nearly all bath luxuries (talcum powder, deodorants, etc.) and beauty preparations can be had in plastic jars and bottles, to make for light travel. It is possible, too, to get beauty cases and sponge bags fitted with jars and bottles of this type. There are also all kinds of dress cases and trunks made of specially designed light material. These reduce the weight of luggage considerably. —J.C.



Compact for travelling is this damp-proof "Wet-Pak," with its zip fastenings and transparent front, through which everything can be seen at a glance. Price, unfitted, is £1 5s. 6d. Selfridges





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... A Wonderful Time

*A lovely pure silk two-piece in a bold black and white design. The jacket is lined throughout with black taffeta which is also used as a very high-waisted sash just below the charmingly draped bosom of the dress. The tiny black hat is made of black ciré straw. Both come from Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge*



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# NOTON







Moreton Old Hall, Cheshire, a famous example of decorative half-timbering, seen across its picturesque moat

J. Dixon-Scott

## Treasure Island Pilgrimage

• PAUL HOLT •

**O**ff, to be in England, now that April's here. The small birds are making their quarrelsome noises, sounding like Liberals at play, and the trees are half dressed. Their lower limbs are full green, but the topmost branches still look like a scatter of new-minted pennies. Fresh and clean. I cannot resist it. I head for Epping Forest first, which still has a medieval quality of venerity and venison, though now the back garden of a London dormitory.

Make for Newmarket, where the untried three-year-olds climb the hill to the gallops and every phase of human life is so given to racing that you may find on a notice board to the main church in the High Street that Sunday's sermon will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Forecast.

Now turn sharply right for the Constable country and straight on to the sea. Not because of any Constable worship you may have in you, but simply because his part of Suffolk has a light to it seen nowhere else in the world. Here the spring sunshine has the flecked quality of Goldwasser liqueur and great rain clouds hang low over the trees.

**A**LWAYS when in this part of the world I try to make for the small market town of Framlingham. Above it stands a ruined castle and it was here that Bloody Mary, a fugitive from the horsemen of the Duke of Norfolk, rested a week. And found to her astonishment that she, a poor lone, lorn virgin was able by herself to rally a force of country gentlemen and their retainers, seamen from the Essex coast and the like, sufficient to march on London and take the Crown without bloodshed. Bloodshed came later, because Mary could never forget how her father Henry VIII had bullied her about her prayers when she was a girl.

It is odd to reflect that if Henry had been nicer to his daughter this country would almost certainly be a Roman Catholic land today.

Strike north from here through Lincolnshire, where the sugar beet factories fret the flat skyline like the teeth on a musical box roll. This is a private part of England and some find its green flatness both menacing and monotonous, while others find peace here.

For myself I hurry to cross the Wash and press on towards the wild and woolly acres of Yorkshire. Beverley is my goal. If I am lucky there is racing to be had there, but always to be had there is the Minster, a magnificent grey stone pile, more military in style than ecclesiastical.

In this old Minster, a fortification of God, there is to be had instantly the true medieval atmosphere of the Church, a mixture of cold stone worship and the strident elements of witchcraft. The great stone gargoyles stare down at you impersonally and make you feel small and helpless and innocent. There is a wonderful warring of elements in the atmosphere here.

Thrust on again towards Durham and the sad coal pits, where villages that are no more than meek strings of houses along the main road bear mournful names like Pity Me and No Place, and so on to Edinburgh.

**H**ERE beware of the man who wears the kilt. He is, like as not, a suburban out to impress the traveller. The true man in Scotland's capital wears a business suit and is in the insurance business during working hours. After that you may find him in a cubby hole in a small hotel, which he calls the Dispense, and where he drinks, in peace from his conscience, at all hours of the night.

In one such of these, or at the Café Royal or George Hotel, may nowadays be found that great man, Sir Compton Mackenzie, who will talk the night down with you.

In all of these lurks the true Scots Nationalist, not the pillar box or Stone of Scone fool, but a gentle intellectual, fierce in words only, who faces the endless dilemma that he loves the conversation of the English visitor so much he can hardly bear the thought of parting from him. It is hard to go to sleep in Edinburgh. (For aesthetes: the girls of Edinburgh, peppery haired and gently freckled, are among the most beautiful women in Europe.)

Cross the Forth at its narrowest at Stirling. Pause there for a night



(Continued overleaf)



## "LET'S HALT AWHILE IN BRITAIN AND IRELAND"



8/6

### ASHLEY COURTENAY RECOMMENDED

Personal recommendation from a reliable source is always best. For descriptive accounts of some 720 Ashley Courtenay personally inspected hotels in Britain and Ireland buy today a copy of the twenty-first (1954) edition of "Let's Halt Awhile" 424 pages, beautifully illustrated, 8s. 6d., from your bookshop or direct from the Author, 68 (R) St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

**ABERDOUR, Fife.** WOODSIDE HOTEL. Within easy reach of Edinburgh. Famous for comfort and a West End standard of cuisine and cellar. A good holiday base for the Firth of Forth, with Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing close at hand. Tel.: Aberdour 8

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A corner of Elizabethan Plymouth, showing the old cobbled road of the Barbican

Continuing—

## TREASURE ISLAND PILGRIMAGE

at a small pub on top of the rock pile, then determinedly make for the Pass of Killicrankie; for here the full glories of Scotland have engulfed you. Resisting all persuasion your eyes will give you, make for the Lovat Arms at Fort Augustus at the western tip of Loch Ness. Jink westwards again, for here lies the real delight, the pass of Inverary, the Road to the Isles.

Somewhere here may be found the Well of the Seven Heads, where a young chieftain, having interrupted some terrible betrayal, stopped to dip the severed heads of his seven enemies in a roadside spring to wash them clean before throwing them on the dinner table of his clan's chief. There are historians who consider this act to have been the beginning of refinement in the Highlands.

I cannot resist the Inverary road, for there is the chance that one of the Lairds, sometimes the most genial of modern eccentrics, will ask you in to sup.

On the road south again, I remember so clearly that 100 yards from the border by Gretna Green, I saw a notice which said: To ROBERT THE BRUCE'S CAVE.

I paid 5s. to walk along a rickety wooden plank above a shallow brown trout stream to the cave, which is small and bare and bears slight hollows in the stone walls where prisoners, manacled upright, rubbed their backs to take the ache out of them. I asked the guide to find me a spider and we spent a happy half hour crawling about the dirt floor until we found one. It was a small spider.

THERE is nothing much I love on the road home (for the Lakes are full of strenuous, weedy youths with packs and boots too big for them) until the fearsome places of North Wales are reached. Snowdonia is like a wolf with grey fangs.

Then there is the secret valley of Owen Glendower, now given up to fishing ("I can call spirits from the vasty deep." "Aye, but do they come?" said Shakespeare about Owen G.)

So South to the gentle lands, the well-kempt Malvern Hills, where a beacon lit shows in seven counties, and on, relentlessly, to Dartmoor. Fishing again and hunting. I once spent a happy evening there with an old nobleman who had been Colonel of the Scots Greys. It was at a hotel at Two Bridges, for a hunt ball. The evening passed pleasantly with horn blowing, speeches and facetiousness but in the morning the hunt moved off, hangers and all, and you could see them two miles away across the stony moor, putting the hounds at patches of scrub until they began to run and disappeared into folds of the grey moor.

I remember the old nobleman said only one word to me before he moved off. "Thanks!" he said, with utmost contempt.

Cornwall is trappy. You can find the village of Zennor, where the natives built a wall around a cuckoo, to keep the spring with them perpetually. Or there is St. Neot's, where the saint, who stood 2 ft. 6 in. high, always jumped into a puddle to cool his interest when a pretty girl went by. But Cornwall, like Westmorland, is now given to motor coaches.

I do not remember much of the journey home to London except for the villages of the Cotswolds, which curl up in the folds of the hills like golden Labrador puppies. . . .

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**FOLKESTONE, Kent.** PRINCES HOTEL. For air that braces, sun that tans, cooking that pleases, cocktails that cheer and nights that restfulness. A first-class hotel for long or short holidays. Sunny, sheltered position. Fully licensed. Tel.: 2850.

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**HAYWARDS HEATH, Sussex.** THE BIRCH HOTEL. For good living in great comfort. Easy access London or Coast. Fully licensed Cocktail Bar, Swimming Pool, Tennis, Squash. Lovely garden 20 acres. Privately owned and run 20 years. Tel.: 670.

**HONITON, S. Devon.** DEER PARK HOTEL. Offers entertainment for all ages over 14. Trout fishing, Squash, Tennis, Putting, Excellent food, vintage cellar. Jersey herd, home farm produce. Terms 11-14 gns inclusive, except Fishing. 5s. daily extra. No dogs. Tel.: 64.

**HYTHE, Kent.** Hotel IMPERIAL. Stands in a wonderful island position overlooking the sea. Nine-hole Golf Course, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Putting, all in own 50-acre grounds. First-class comfort, food and service. Cocktail bar; sun deck lounge; Ballroom. Tel.: 67441.

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**JERSEY, C.I.** HOTEL L'HORIZON (1st Reg.). For a Spring holiday, come to Jersey's most modern luxury hotel, overlooking glorious sands and a Mediterranean blue sea. Dining, Continental cuisine. Cocktail Bar. Tel.: Southern 887. Managing Director: Mrs. M. L. Sears.

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**KESWICK, English Lakeland.** DERWENTWATER HOTEL, Portinscale. 1 mile Keswick, amidst glorious scenery, with direct frontage to Lake. 50 bedrooms, elegant and spacious lounges, home produce. Fully licensed. Large garage. Moderate tariff (special rates for children); Games room. R.A.C., A.A. Keswick 538.

**LINDFIELD, Sussex.** COUNTY HOTEL. 1 mile from Haywards Heath main line station stands this lovely mansion immune from sound of passing traffic. Its purport is mainly residential with hotel catering and comfort happily blending with country house pursuits. Write: A. G. Sturdy, Resident Director Tel.: 358.

**LLANDUDNO, N. Wales.** ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL celebrates its centenary this year. First on the front, it still remains in the limelight for comfort, good food, entertainment and service. Fully licensed. Ballroom. Lift. Free Golf. George D. Per, Manager. Tel.: 7873.

**LYNDHURST, Hants.** PARKHILL HOTEL. Glorious situation; gracious living; thoughtful willing service. Facilities for all sports in the vicinity. Swimming Pool. 8 miles from Southampton on main line to London. Tel.: Lyndhurst 111.

**MALVERN, Worcs.** MOUNT PLEASANT HOTEL. Superbly situated. Supremely comfortable, with first-class cuisine, choice wines. Beautiful gardens. Under the personal supervision of Mrs. Tilla How. Tel.: 1837.

**MARLBOROUGH, Wilts.** Centre of beauty and historic interest, on the great Roman Highway. AILESBUURY ARMS HOTEL. Driving from East to West or North to South, this prominent fully licensed (free hotel) is a delightful place in which to "Halt Awhile." Ground floor suites. Tel.: Marlborough ONE.

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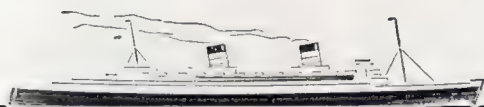
Or for those who find relaxation in gaiety there are dances aplenty—music—swimming.

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*For full information apply: Head Office, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3 (Liverpool Central 9201), Cunard Building, 15 Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Whitehall 7890), 88 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3 (Avenue 3010) or any local travel agent.*

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#### GRAND HOTEL

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**WOOLACOMBE, Devon. BEACH HOTEL.** Modern, luxuriously furnished and situated on the most perfect bay. 3 miles firm, clean sands. Safe bathing; exhilarating surf-riding. Ideal Spring and early Summer. Special facilities for children. Brochure from Resident Proprietors. Tel.: 49.



In the sun-dappled garden of the Hotel Fenix, Madrid

## The Grand Tour Up To Date

"AN airline ticket to romantic places . . ." says the most nostalgic of English ballads. The verse suggests, quite wrongly, that it has been translated from the French, but the basic fact is the beginning of adventure—an airline ticket for example. As a hip-pocket friend this will bring more courage and verve than the largest of flat flasks. An airline ticket. With such a possession, secretly hugged, one becomes a man of the world, an international figure to whom incalculable adventures will be, though interesting, a matter to be taken in one's stride.

But once the initial step is taken the rest is ignominiously facile, though the conspiracy to conceal this is jealously guarded. It is very nearly as easy to dine at Maxims, from W.I., as to journey to such remote quarters as King's Langley, and there is little argument about the comparative menus.

Some travellers hitch their wagons to their own star. Others rely, probably more wisely, on the good advice of the head porter (who may be identified by his regalia of crossed keys, which is the hotelier's equivalent to field rank) as to their next port of call. A splendid leisurely holiday across the Continent may be spent in this way.

HAVING established, by judicious expenditure, your first firm friend, never move from one town to the next without a word of advice or commendation. If one travels by autobus, which is remarkably cheap, moderately comfortable and, if one has ears and a tolerant nose for garlic, very informative, it is almost certain that one's transport is from Grand Place to Grand Place. In any case the best hotel is bound to be within a hundred metres. If one moves by car, then Royalty or the Guide Bleu could hardly do better.

Spain, for the tourist, is essentially a country of hotels. Vast areas of it are as inhospitable as the Western Desert, and remarkably like it, but the hotel chains have no equal in Europe. A move from town to town, however great the distance, is essential. In Madrid the newly opened Fenix is already of international repute. A sojourn here would lead naturally to a weekend at the Felipe II which overlooks the fantastic Palace of the Escorial and where every suite has been furnished with individual taste and a sense of period.

In Granada, one of the most beautiful hillside cities in the world, the

(Continued on page 70)



### PITLOCHRY

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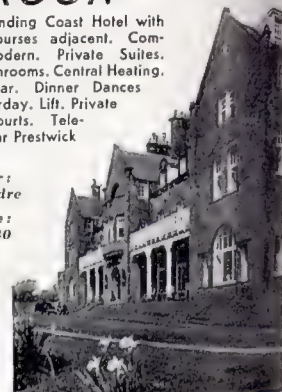
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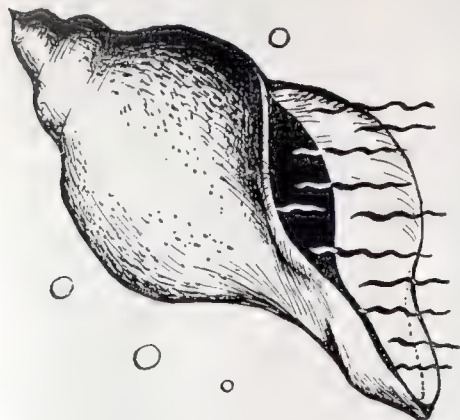
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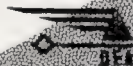
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The ENGLISH HOTEL  
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In spring, a tide of magnolias advances upon the university town of Marburg, in Hesse, Germany

Continuing—

## THE GRAND TOUR UP TO DATE

Alhambra Palace is set just below the Alhambra itself and to stay there is to enjoy the exhilaration which must be felt by the greatest of landscape painters, the most learned of historians and the prince of epicures, all rounded suavely together in oneself.

From Spain, the mental traveller, always happily endowed with a superlative taste and the most liberal of pockets, wanders happily along the gold and lapis lazuli coast of the Riviera. The practical or the busy man probably takes plane direct to Nice, an airport which by reason of its narrow airstrip is remarkably efficient in operation and because of its situation seems happily slapdash in its formalities. Here the great bay of Garavan greets the visitor with the lush charm of a village show-rose or an over-coloured picture postcard. This Mediterranean welcome is so effusive it would be uncommonly snobbish and intolerable to remain unmoved. A drive to one's pre-arranged rendezvous will restore a private belief in individuality as a supreme virtue.

How curious it is that the French, who make many of the best soaps and all of the best scents, should produce such a strangely smelling cleanser for scrubbing their corridors. Its equivalent in Britain would remind one of the grimmer sort of Government institution, but with the first whiff of a drying wooden staircase on the Continent the traveller feels himself to be happy and genuinely abroad.

THE virtue of the Riviera has always seemed to me to lie in its abandoned immodesty. Along the English coast, even at the most luxurious resorts, there is always a glove factory or an establishment for making cardboard boxes or some pretence at being serious at heart in the matter of business. The Riviera is there for your pleasure, she dances for you like a well-trained troupe of Tiller girls with no secret reservation that they are really secretaries who appear for pin-money in the evenings.

The ships in the harbour at Cannes, though often splendid ocean-going affairs, do not conceal the fact that the lounge and the cocktail bar are at least as important as the engine-room. The motor-boats are not for

(Continued on page 72)



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**Are you a sun-bather?** Along the lovely stretches of the Spanish coast, particularly in the North, there are countless little coves,

sheltered by rocks and sweet smelling pines, where the sea is always warm.

**Do you like good food?** Spain is famous for its regional foods and cooking — particularly the shell-fish dishes of Catalonia (with delicious vin rosé) and the richer foods of Aragon and the Basque country. You spend a lot of time eating and drinking, in Spain.

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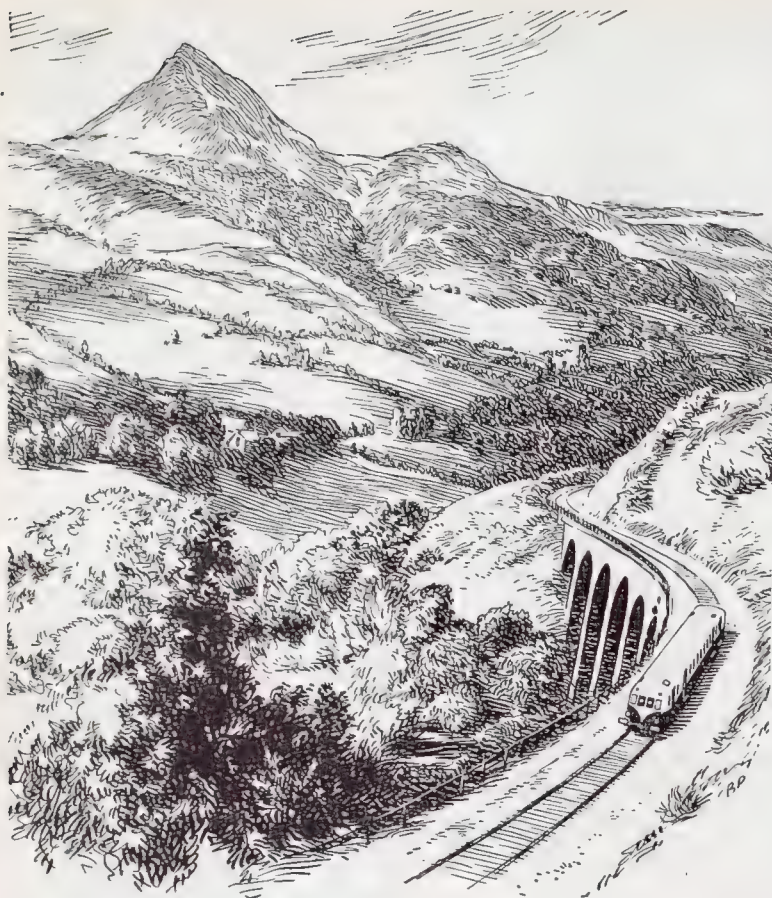
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Continuing—

## THE GRAND TOUR UP TO DATE

fishing but for towing youth and beauty balanced on water skis. The hotels are not for conferences (except on very exclusive international levels), but to provide luxurious beds and meals of surpassing elegance. The idea of practising a trade in Monte Carlo (except perhaps as a croupier) is ridiculous, although I have often suspected that some of the more picturesque Edwardian types around the tables were pensioned by the management in order to dress the house and give visitors the feeling that they are taking part in an ancient and slightly risqué ritual.

You may always find those who swear or boast about the quaint little fishing villages, miles from anywhere, so cheap and nothing to do but relax in the sun, but those delights are specialized and often accompanied by mosquitoes, hard work, home cooking and picturesque sanitation. The wise man will become a sybarite for as long as his pocket permits, and trust his wellbeing to the expert hoteliers of the Latin Continent, or study the strong revival of that civilized art in Greece.

THE comparative merits of rail or car are discussed by authorities elsewhere, but there remains one superlative method of travel which has the merit of beginning a holiday in cushioned ease, as it were from one's own doorstep, and ending it with the same flourish—the steamship. Take for example the S.S. Patricia, which plies between Tilbury and Gothenburg on behalf of Swedish Lloyd. She is the latest of a line of elegant ladies and as an escort to Scandinavia she is unsurpassed. The thirty-six hour crossing is an epicure's dream and the journey has the advantage that it may be paid for in England in advance. Currency worries are also very largely solved by sailing with the Bergen Line to Madeira or the Canaries: here is prewar cruising returned in a sun-drenched setting.



"I thought as much—cheese labels"

(Continued on page 74)



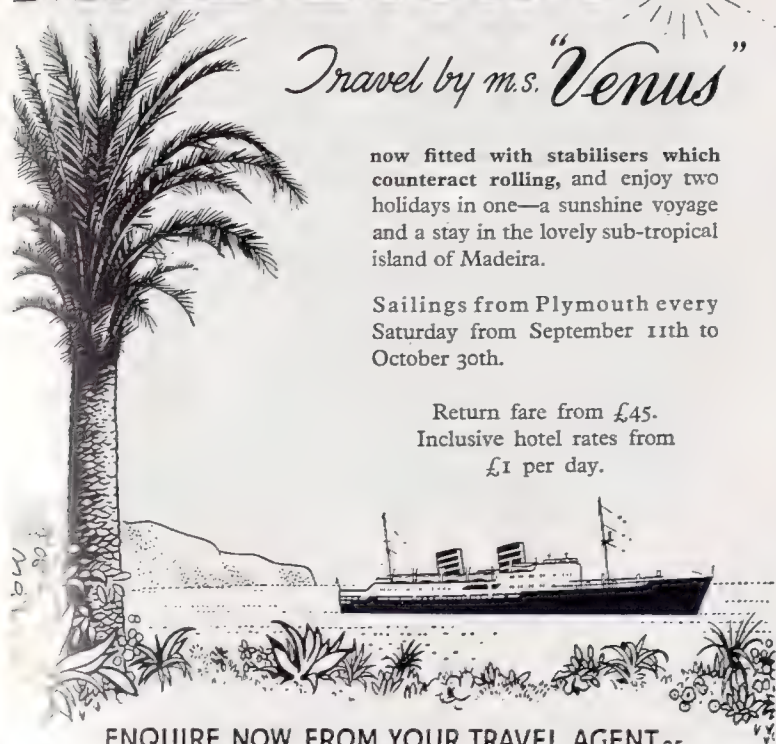
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Continuing—

## THE GRAND TOUR UP TO DATE

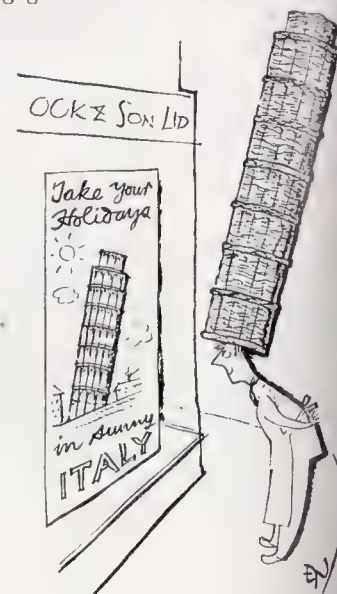
There are innumerable travel offices waiting to supply expert advice on the knotty currency point and it is folly to neglect this precaution. Every country in Europe is competing cheerfully for your company and each has considered very carefully the problem of the limited pound sterling.

Each has discovered its own ingenuity in the matter of expanding it to the utmost of legal elasticity. Nearly all offer advance booking facilities which leave the basic allowance intact. But here a warning word may prove useful. Stick to agencies of unquestionable repute. There are always mushroom growths to lure the unlucky investor into buying tours which sound remarkably attractive on paper. These organizations live by making unconfirmed reservations in hotels, hoping that the customers will prove sufficient to confirm the bookings and that a percentage profit will follow. The unwary traveller may find himself landed with accommodation which bears no resemblance to the style which was promised and there have been occasions when the tourist has been fobbed off blandly at the last moment with a trip which has nothing to do with the original itinerary.

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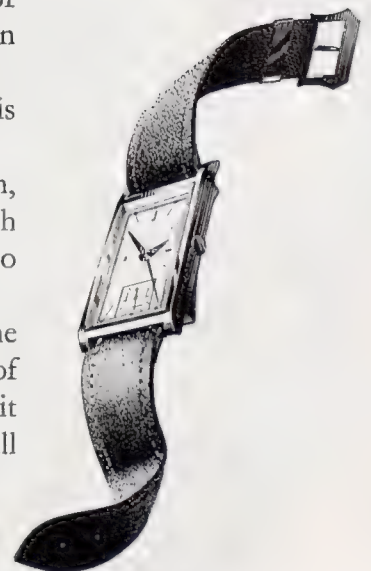
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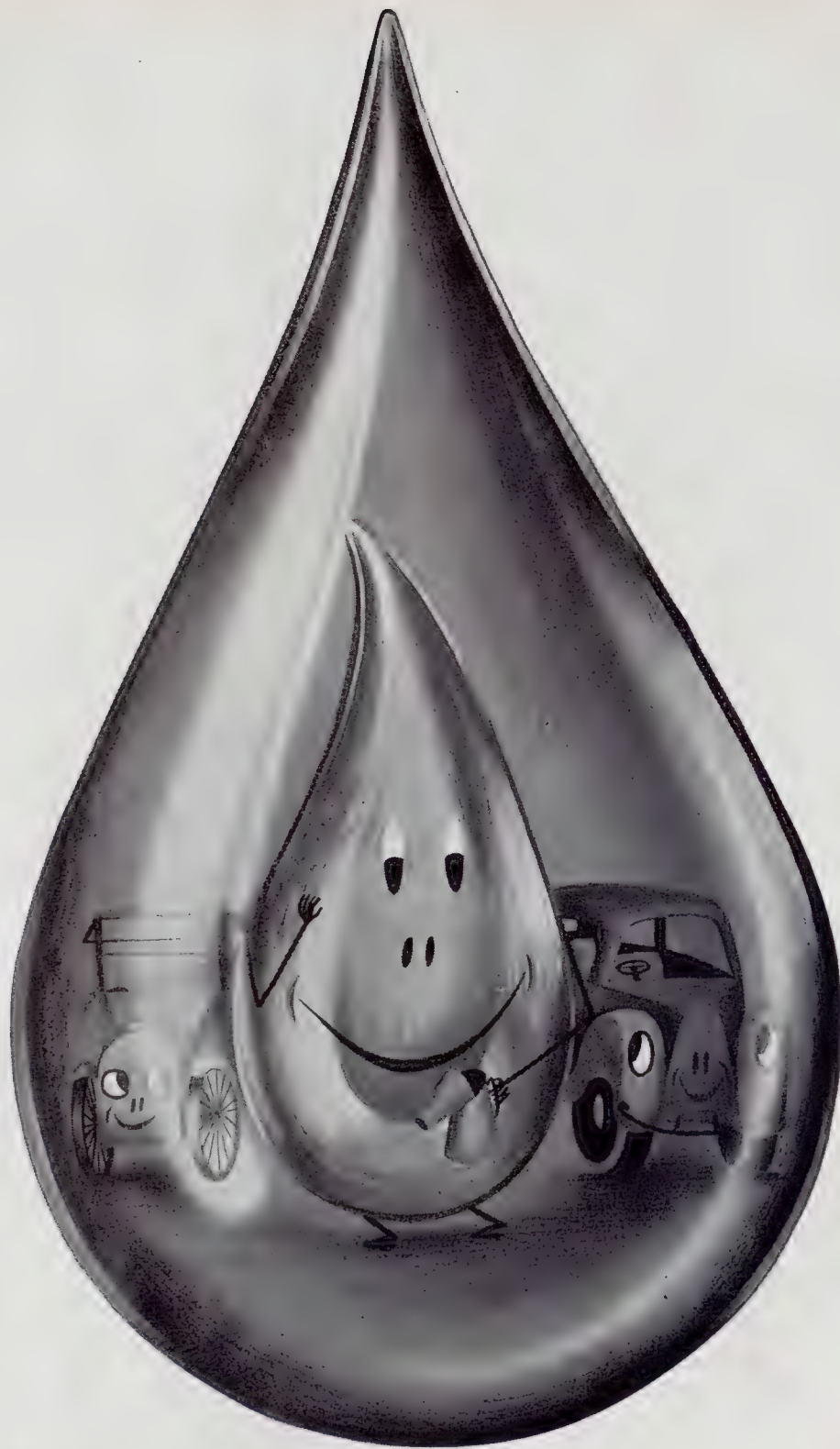




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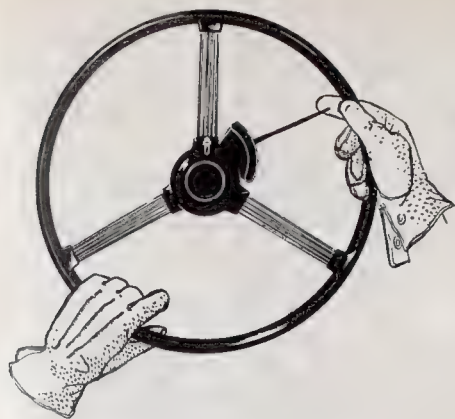


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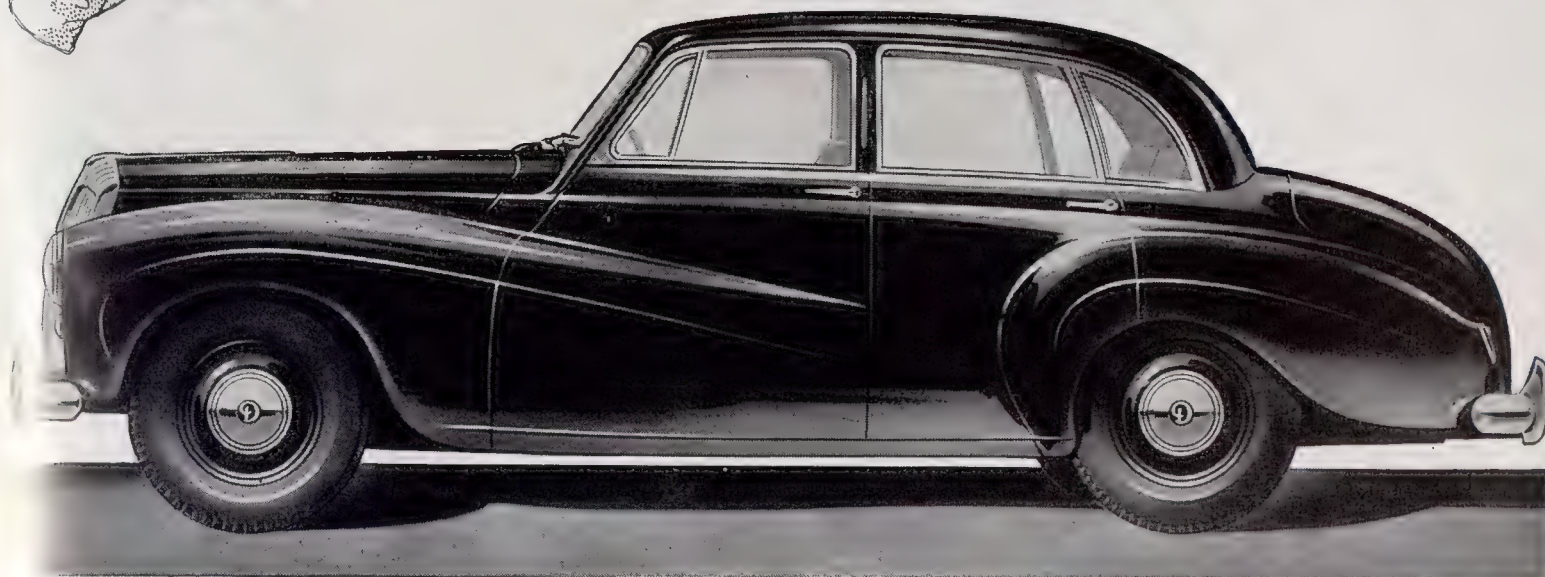
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Meditations  
No. 3*

**Week-end . . .**

is now an international word—England's gift to the dictionaries and happiness of the world. Let no-one dictate as to how we use it; and yet, a warning . . . The wise will order not merely the week-end joint but the week-end *Sobranie Virginia*. The weather is then of no consequence—and, as you forget the week and enjoy the week-end, you thank goodness for an aroma, a flavour and a satisfaction that are essential to true holiday. You can relax and congratulate yourself on living in a country where for 24 hours bills cannot be delivered, but remember too that during that same 24 hours *Sobranie* cannot usually be bought—for love or money . . .

*N.B. Sobranie Virginia cigarettes are priced from 4/- for 20*

**Sobranie  
VIRGINIA**

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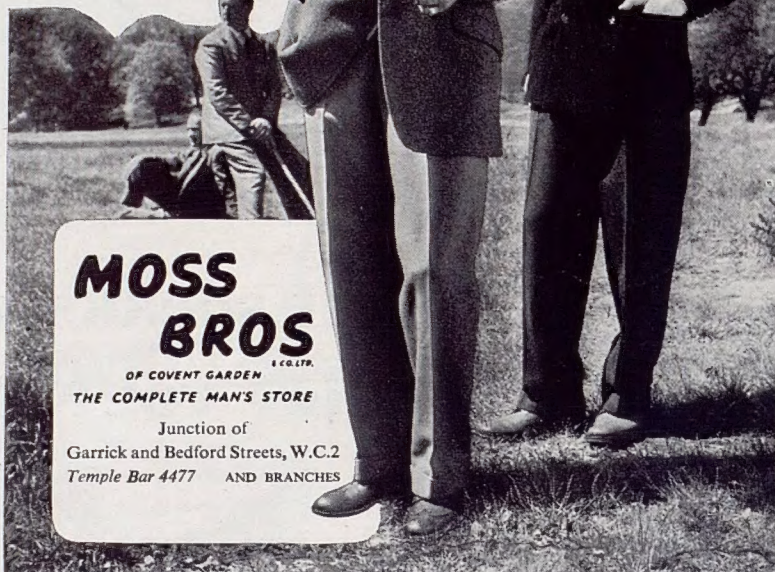
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